THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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THE CONQUERING COCKROACH

WITH all the penetrating power of his morbid genius, Edgar Allan Poe sang—or perhaps wailed would be the better word—a sort of hymn of despair to death under the title and image of "the conqueror Worm." But it has remained for a spokesman of modern science to adopt the cockroach as the symbol of the defeat and extinction of man which materialistic science sees as the inevitable end of his adventures in the universe. In fairness to science, it should of course be gladly admitted that lately there have been voices, like that of Eddington, which have uttered a far more cheerful credo, and there are other reasons for believing that the blank, dreary gospel of oblivion and futility underlying the tremendous achievements of research and experimentation which have so profoundly altered the outward manifestations of human life is being challenged even within that temple of nothingness; as it always has been denied and repudiated by both the common sense and the religious faith of Christendom. Nevertheless, while rejoicing in every sign of reaction from the spiritual nihilism which has been far too powerful in latter-day science, it is well to remember that it is still being preached and propagated in a myriad of ways, many of which extend its influence, by means of the press, the stage, the screen and the novel, throughout society: even to the little children, as the ghastly increase of child suicide horribly proves. Sometimes, however, in thus seeking to popularize its message, it assumes such shapes as not dreams but nightmares are made of, and betrays itself for what it is.

Such an instance is provided by a writer in the New York Times who recently interviewed the chief astronomer of Harvard College, and published the joint results of Dr. Shapley's magnificent observations of the starry heavens and his own interpretations of the astronomer's measurements and calculations, in an article which was glowingly advertised in advance and given prominent and weirdly illustrated space. Many of the elements which go to make up at once the benefits and the dangers of so much modern science are combined in this Times article in an instructive fashion. A brief analysis of it, therefore, may be worth while.

In the first place, the article patently proves what high and splendid tasks, reflecting true glory upon man and his ceaseless quest of ultimate truth, are being carried out by modern scientists. It is a thing that should always be borne in mind, reverently and gratefully,

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especially by those of us who are obliged, because of our own devotion to truth, to criticize and at times to oppose, not science in itself but the destructive and at times even diabolical ideas and teachings based (though how unfairly and how wrongly!) upon the measurable results of scientific investigation. In the article under examination for instance, no fair-minded reader can help but be deeply impressed not merely by the marvelous facts recorded about the depths of space in which our little world goes on its course amid millions of other stars, but by the vision which we are afforded of the patient, dedicated astronomer in his observatory, set apart amid the multitudes of men concerned only with the meaner affairs of life, to study the heavens, and chart the mysteries of the universe. It needs only an easy extension of our imagination to see behind him the other men and women of science in other observatories, and in laboratories and libraries and a hundred similar fields of work, all engaged upon other parts of this "research magnificent." And we honor the man we read about, and are grateful to the man who writes about him, and the great newspaper which brings to its million readers such a fascinating and essentially valuable contribution to human knowledge. But!

If only that obscene cockroach, and the false philosophy of which it is the appropriate image, did not crawl out of some crack in the writer's head (so to speak) and defile the splendid vision of the starry heavens which is the main theme of the article! For, not content with telling us about the great discoveries of astronomical science, the writer brings in his own interpretations. There is no need to go into them in any detail. They follow a sadly familiar course. Thus, because the Harvard astronomer, like many other astronomers, finds that what used to be considered as mere star-dust is really a mass of unnumbered stars and planets, millions and millions of miles away and millions and millions of times larger than the earth, therefore mankind, "a lucky accident" brought into being by some sort of chemical change in the all-pervading "star-stuff" out of which everything comes into being (though how the star-stuff came into being remains a mystery) is and can only be one of the briefest and most evanescent forms of matter. He is not the unique "lord of creation." As to his being the image, no matter if faint or distorted, of God, his Creator—well, the writer thinks that, as it cannot be love, in spite of what Dante said, that governs the heavens and controls the motions of the earth, man can only be a creature of the ultimate material force moving and shaping everything, which, he says, should be called the Drift. "It is, in a sense, law. It is, perhaps, recognized by you (according to your various inherited traditions and spiritual tenets) as the Tendency, or Evolution, or God, or Fate, or the Will to Live, or the Second Principle of Thermodynamics." And man, of course, according to the Times writer, after "his short and brilliant career on the face of the earth," a mere matter of a few millions of years, is a late comer to the scene of the Star-Dust-Drift.

The one creature which really seems to be the favored child of the Star-Dust-Drift is the cockroach. (Don Marquis should call Archie's attention to the fact.) The cockroach "has a straight line ancestry of two hundred million years or more." Apparently, he "today is just as good as ever he was." His stock is "sufficiently strong to carry him through numerous terrestrial upheavals, through desiccations and glaciations . . . . " Moreover, the cockroach is "well attuned with physical law and the environment's seeming caprice." Therefore, as man is not so well adapted —his worst enemy being himself—some day, the writer tells us, some "conservative cockroach" crawling over the skull of the last man, and he a dead one, may be able to observe: "A relic here of another highly specialized organism which failed to recognize the laws of the universe, which preferred the minor whims to the search for survival, and which missed its great opportunity to inherit the planet, perishing an early victim of the world's subtle chemistries."

How "caprice" can coexist and function in a world, or a universe of worlds, controlled by unchanging law the writer, even though so ambitious in theme and thought as to handle universes and cockroaches with equal facility, does not explain. In fact, there are many things he does not explain. But he does, unwittingly of course, pretty fully explain the reason why a good many of us will go on preferring the idea of God to that of the Second Principle of Thermodynamics, or even to the Star-Dust-Drift.

That we can make the choice may strike the philosophers of materialism as being merely one of those "minor whims" of man which hasten his defeat by the conquering cockroach; but man will go on preferring these whims to the "facts" which constitute, when interpreted by the cockroach school of philosophy, such solemn nonsense as we have been considering.

WEEK BY WEEK

Winners at the Hague

IT WAS Mr. Snowden who injected the dramatics into the Hague conference and who gave it a spectacular ending by surrendering some part of the concessions he had won to gratify the hopes of the smaller nations. But we are inclined to believe that a man who stands to gain more in the way of personal prestige out of this meeting is M. Aristide Briand. Eventually it must be recognized that he was the dominating figure at the Hague. The rapport between him and Stresemann, established some years ago at Geneva, was never more apparent, but here it was Stresemann who was the follower and not, as it has elsewhere appeared, Briand. Of course France will evacuate the Rhineland, but that is something which Briand has desired almost as eagerly as Stresemann himself. The important thing is that it

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was Briand who fixed the date of evacuation. Germany will pay half the costs of occupation after September 1, and all the cost of evacuation. And she will give up her title to the sums overlapping between the Dawes and the Young plans in order that England may get the extra reparations she demanded. So that even where England won, it was not at the cost of her allies. But what will be most to Briand's advantage is that from first to last he identified himself as the champion of the Young plan. Where everyone else was nationalistic without pretense, he was with or without it something more than the Premier of France. He was the conciliator; he was the personal workman of the plan. When it won, he went to victory with it. The actor's triumph at the Hague was Mr. Snowden's; the impresario's was M. Briand's.

IT HAS usually been taken for granted in this country that Mr. Snowden's stand, outside of its effect on domestic politics, was meant as a reassertion of English influence in European affairs. Some sort of confirmation is given this view by the willingness with which Mr. Snowden surrendered part of his gains after he had established the fact that England could exact them. But how effectively this will restore Britain's reputation on the continent remains to be seen. So far as the nations are concerned, the immediate psychological advantage is all Germany's. For despite the attention given during the past month to the effect of a concession to England, it is now realized that whatever progress the English have made is altogether obscured by the advance of Germany into equality with the governments of the Allies. She has reduced her bill by more than one hundred millions annually, and she has won financial autonomy. The stimulus this must prove to the German spirit is certainly the most obvious result of the Hague conference. During ten years of adversity it has demonstrated an astonishing buoyancy. What will it accomplish under more favorable conditions?

The Palestine Tragedy

CATHOLICS will echo from their hearts the words of solicitude and compassion which Cardinal Hayes has addressed to the afflicted Jews in Palestine through their national organizations here. There is grateful reading, too, in the report of the emergency fund which, in compliance with the Jewish tradition of prompt and lavish charity, has been raised in America almost over night, and will be dispatched to the area of disaster in weekly allotments until the need for special bounty has passed. This will not be at once. British official communiqués continue to be optimistic, but the list of outrages which we described last week has steadily lengthened. A dozen Jewish colonies in northern Galilee have been attacked; Safed, ancient seat of Jewish learning, has been fired to the accompaniment of butchery like that of the attack on Hebron, and an epidemic threatens those huddled within its ruined walls; Haifa has been partly destroyed, and the random rage of the Arabs has even spent itself upon an Orthodox Greek community near Beisan.

WE REPEAT that Great Britain's task is a hard one. The Moslems consider her formal guarantee of Zionism in the Holy Land to be a direct invasion of their own centuries-old rights there. They will proportionately resent the High Commissioner's current reiteration of that guarantee. The president of the Moslem Supreme Council has even warned the government that the whole Mohammedan population of Syria, Arabia, north Africa and Egypt may revolt; and while this is discounted, the Syrian situation is admitted to be alarming. Meanwhile, Jewish subjects of the empire are understandably bitter, not only over the lack of precaution which permitted the present acute tragedy to develop, but also over the way it is being handled. They have violently protested the police order for the disarming of all Palestine Jews, and have besieged the Foreign Office to be allowed to re-form the Jewish war veterans into a defense corps. The crisis will be weathered, of course, but only then will the deepest difficulties begin. The revolt of all Islam would be a simple problem beside the composing of the racial, economic and religious quarrel which is rending Palestine today.

The Year's Worst News

WE VENTURE to suggest to those who control the annual prizes awarded by the Pulitzer fund established for the purpose of stimulating and rewarding notable achievements in literature, drama and journalism that a prize for the year's worst news article might be a good thing to establish. First of all, of course, the judges would have to set up some standard of what really is bad journalism. As the chief merit of a good news article undoubtedly must be its truthfulness, it follows, naturally, that the distinguishing mark of a bad news article must lie in its falsity. Other characteristics—the merit or the faultiness of its literary style, and so forth—are very minor considerations. Just as the Pulitzer prize for the best news story of the year not only rewards its writer, and encourages other reporters to do their best to handle news facts in the most interesting and valuable manner possible, so the prize for the worst news article of the year should punish its writer adequately, and discourage others, so far as possible, from similar performances. We leave it to others to invent and apply the appropriate form of booby prize. For ourselves, we feel that we have done enough for the worthy cause by suggesting it, and by nominating our own choice for the year's worst news article, which was published in the New York World on August 30.

IT CONTAINED only a few words—less than two hundred—but it was a masterpiece of mendacity;

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unintentionally, no doubt, on the reporter's part, yet none the less colossal. It was an interview with Mrs. Margaret Sanger, in which she is quoted as saying that the birth control movement was progressing so favorably "that she expects a favorable attitude from the Vatican in a short time. The Christmas message from Cardinal Hayes two years ago, she said, against birth control, was received badly at the Vatican." She continued: "If it were not for Catholic opposition, the birth control movement would be universal. A pronouncement from the Vatican is certain to come and will differentiate between birth control and illegal operations." When one subjects this statement to the analysis of a little common sense, the wonder grows ever more keen that any newspaper could publish it. Few things are more certain than that the condemnation of birth control by Cardinal Hayes is precisely the same condemnation that Catholic bishops throughout the world would, and do, give to birth control, and that they follow the lead of, and are absolutely supported by, the central authority of the Church. All informed newspaper men, one would think, should know such a plain fact. And if anyone less likely than Mrs. Sanger could be named to be entrusted with information so revolutionary (if true) as that the Vatican would disavow Cardinal Hayes and approve of birth control, The Commonweal would offer a special prize of its own for the name of that individual. The World's article is ludicrous. Its only importance comes from the sad fact that this fantastic nonsense will no doubt be eagerly quoted and used in periodicals and journals that will spread its falsehood far and wide.

THE abuses of the forced labor system in Africa, about which The Commonweal had occasion to comment some time ago in connection with the work of Père Aupiais, are the basis of a memorandum which the Catholic Union for International Study presented to the International Labor Conference held recently at Geneva. Here one can learn something of the extent to which forced labor has invaded the moral and physical rights of the natives. The Union suggests "that the personnel of schools, professors and pupils, as well as catechists, should be exempted from forced labor; that there should be guaranteed to the laborer freedom to fulfil the duties of his religion on the day appointed and whenever possible, the weekly day of repose to correspond with the day determined by his religion; that the worker receive a wage sufficient to assure his subsistence and that of his family, and that his wage be paid him periodically under conditions favorable to the practice of economy and saving." In other words, these fundamental privileges and compensations have been denied the native. His services are drafted against his will, he is herded into work camps, and subjected to conditions which result in a death rate sometimes as high as 40 percent annually. It is no wonder that Monsignor Beaupin writes in the Chronique Sociale de France: "Where the missionary apostolate exhausts itself to save souls, forced labor turns them from Christ and the Cross, causing them to look with horror upon a nation which calls itself Christian, and whence come their apostles." It is no wonder that Père Aupiais, responding to the charge that the natives are lazy and incorrigible, has only scorn for their accusers. Our hope is in the Catholic leagues of France which have so consistently declared for the suppression of this slavery, and our faith in those stout-hearted missionairies who will never be silent or inactive.

White Justice

IN A letter to the New York Times, Mr. Evans McDonald of Dallas, Texas, seeks to bring the spotlight recently centered on the political campaign and issues in Virginia, to his native state where, he feels, parallel conditions exist. The Lone Star voters do not elect their governor until next year, but according to Mr. McDonald "the bitterness of the 1928 campaign is already being exploited for advantage in 1930." Because the present lieutenant governor, a prospective and logical candidate, has a Catholic wife, the call to arms has early been sounded by those Democrats who could swallow the bitter dose of Republicanism to escape the ague of Rome. Any hopeful vision of harmony in a party which has been sorely harassed by the conflict between wets and drys, klansmen and anti-klansmen, Hoovercrats and Smith-supporters, becomes blurred, in consequence. A sensational and notorious Fort Worth preacher, who has been tried and acquitted of both arson and murder, is demanding by sermon and radio that no Catholic woman be permitted to function as First Lady of Texas. Mr. McDonald undoubtedly goes too far in imputing explicit and direct responsibility for this state of affairs to Mr. Hoover, who has recently rewarded his Texas supporters by the appointment of a leading Hoovercrat to an important federal post. But he is not far wrong in concluding that the toleration of intolerance crops in strange and sorry harvests.

After Virginia, Texas

FUNDAMENTAL differences between Socialism and democracy have seldom been so beautifully demonstrated as by recent discussions in England. In a summer school speech, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who characterized himself as a "bourgeois Socialist," expressed the certainty that, "owing to the ignorance and political imbecility of the people, it is difficult to get things done, though the most extraordinary things can be done without people knowing anything about it." According to Mr. Shaw's formula, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (classified no doubt as a "modified Socialist") will be able to get any legislation through without the people's knowing what is happening. "He has only to call his measures by some

Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw

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other name than that which people associate with them and there is no limit to the things he may do." This is exactly where Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the democrat, agrees with his old, and beloved, enemy. In the current G. K.'s Weekly, he points to the curse of every controversy—"the power that the papers and the politicians possess of putting the question in their own way. . . . When the kings of finance . . . happen to want peace they can put the question, 'Do we want war?' to which there is only one answer; for nobody wants war. If the same men want war . . . they can put the question, 'Should we defend our country?' . . . Everywhere the same difficulty exists and is the root of all demagogy and dangerous power in the state."

THIS asking of the wrong question is, of course, but a phase of Mr. Shaw's political "window dressing." Both champions recognize the strategy of beclouding the issue—a trick which is practised wherever government by the people is established. But they meet only to part. Democracy looks to the people. In them is, finally and definitively, the power of government. Their political incompetence or apathy may never be destroyed, but the effort to destroy it must not cease. The preponderant will of the people must prevail; but it must prevail for ends which that will thoroughly comprehends and desires. It has a choice of roads but it must not be misled by the signposts. Socialism, on the other hand, asks the question, "Should the people rule?" It follows Mr. Shaw's shrewd but sharp advice: "Don't oppress the public mind with the vision of a Socialist government that won't let you alone for a solitary instant, that will not only dictate in the daytime what you shall do, but what sort of night shirt you shall wear." Oh, no! The "window dressing" should be made much more attractive than that. The people are not to have their "ignorance and political imbecility" eliminated. These failings are to be capitalized; the mob is to be led into the Socialistic party by promises of new and better sovereignties; the signposts are to be marked "To the ideal" when they should read "To any compromise between the ideal and the practical."

Mr. Macrae Apologizes

LEGAL peace between the Book-of-the-Month-Club and Mr. John Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton and Company, has followed the latter's publication of a letter retracting several of his gravest charges. It is brave to admit error publicly, even in the face of a $200,000 libel suit, and if Mr. Macrae was overhasty and unwise in some of his accusations he is to be commended for saying so. However, his second thoughts on book clubs as a method of selecting and distributing books, still coincide with his first. His objections are supported by many others among publishers and public. Strangely enough one of the fundamental faults of the system has been given little attention. Its supporters and its opponents are too close to the world of books and writers to understand the psychology of the person whose reading is greatly limited. The man in Wawa or Tombstone is not unwilling to be guided—another's assuming the burden of selection is actually a boon—but he must be guided to what he likes, not to what a faraway group of editors thinks he likes, or thinks he ought to like. And unless the judging group can cater to Wawa or Tombstone taste, as well as to Greenwich Village taste or Park Row taste, the ranks of subscribers will inevitably be decimated. This may lead to the formation of more clubs, or the division of existent clubs, so that members can subscribe for only one specific type of reading; or again it may lead to the failure of the clubs altogether.

The Knights at Milwaukee

IT WAS a memorable meeting which the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus recently concluded at Milwaukee. For one thing it was the Council's first opportunity to welcome officially the signing of the Lateran treaty, the adjustment of the religious situation in Mexico, and, through Supreme Knight Martin H. Carmody, to express the hope "that with this era of restored peace and goodwill our brothers in Mexico may again resume their fraternal relations." Of particular interest, accordingly, were Mr. Quin O'Brien's remarks on the present status of the Church Universal. He showed himself especially well acquainted, and sympathetic, with Catholic Action as it is being prosecuted throughout Europe, and asked for America a program which would be not only disciplinary, operating from within, but social and operating on the world at large. Mr. O'Brien may have had in mind the work being done by the Paolini, who among other things have established numerous homes and asylums for the wretched in Italy, and exert upon that country a very considerable influence through their libraries, newspapers and magazines. On a smaller scale, the Knights of Columbus have been undertaking the same work in this country, and therein lies their most conspicuous value. Mr. O'Brien's speech should encourage the Knights to continue these activities, and to expand them as rapidly as possible, especially since Mr. Carmody's summary of the year, and the report of Supreme Secretary William S. McGinley, indicate such substantial results.

THE extent to which the press must join in the work inevitably increases, and to this fact the Knights, with their national and local magazines, their bulletins and pamphlets, are paying more and more attention. At the Milwaukee meeting Mr. Carmody stressed the importance which the organization places upon its official organ, Columbia, and he said: "While we may well enjoy a proper sense of pride in this contribution to Catholic literature, we should not be unmindful of our duty to support loyally other Catholic publications.

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The diocesan organ, as a medium for conveying the general news of the diocese, and the activities in which the ordinary wishes to interest the faithful should be supported. There are other Catholic publications of a broader scope than these, which should also have a place in the Catholic home. There is no more valuable medium for correcting and eradicating misbeliefs and erroneous opinions than the printed page when properly presented, but we cannot hope to see developed a strong Catholic press and literature unless we encourage it by our support." With this statement no one can disagree.

FOUNDATION DOCTRINE

THAT sturdy and salty champion of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the English Dominican friar, Vincent McNabb, has been directing attention, in articles in Blackfriars, to an event which at the time of its occurrence passed without attention or comment, but which in his view was one of the most important social happenings of this century. It was the issuance by the bishops of England and Wales of a proclamation of the principles underlying the Catholic attitude on education.

The formal declaration of principles or teachings by the hierarchy of a country is always a momentous thing. We have in mind when we say this the pastoral letter sent forth by the American hierarchy after the close of the world war. We of The Commonweal have tried our best to chart and guide our course in relation to practically all the social topics and problems discussed by us in the light of the authoritative and inspiring doctrine laid down in that document. We know that other Catholic journals have done the same thing and that a very considerable number of our most influential clergymen and teachers have made the bishops' joint pastoral the principal text-book of many sermons and writings and much school work. But we also think that much more should be done to diffuse and make operative the great and helpful social and intellectual benefits of that document. Upon the guidance and direction of the bishops of the Catholic Church, themselves led and directed by the Bishop of Rome, the health and progress of the Faith—which means also the progress and health of society in general, within and without the visible organization of the Church—depend more than upon any other human factor. Where or when that guidance and direction is weak or faltering, still more when it is ignored or anyhow neglected, both the Church and society must suffer. Contrariwise, when it is vigorous, timely, emphatic, and in addition has been put into effect by the clergy and the laity, the Church and society gain great goods.

These remarks, both in general and in particular, have application to the deep interest which the proclamation of the English bishops should have for Catholics here in America. As Father McNabb points out, in addition to the significance which any utterance of the episcopate of any country should possess for the citizens of that country, in this particular instance the fact that they issued their statement on the eve of the last general election in England, the result of which was to bring the Labor party—which others prefer to term the Socialist party—into power, gives the whole matter the most sensational interest. This is further increased by the fact that, according to Father McNabb, England has a system of education which is "compulsory and socialized to a degree almost without parallel in the world, even in Soviet Russia." Irrespective of the question as to whether this compulsory socialized system is or is not a good thing—for to debate that matter would be outside the knowledge of The Commonweal—it is certain that, in England as in the United States, there has been a remarkable and disturbing growth of the movement wholly to secularize education, and to "nationalize" it, in the sense of entrusting its main supervision and direction to the federal authorities. It is true that in the United States, at least, under the present administration, there seems to have set in a helpful reaction which may for some time delay the advance which had been so marked toward the setting up of a federal bureau of education; but it is almost inevitable that this movement will be resumed sooner or later. Therefore, what the bishops of England and Wales have said possesses its application to the American situation, because what they say is based solidly and irrefragably upon principles which are common to all Catholics in all parts of the world. So important indeed is the statement that The Commonweal believes it in order to reproduce it in full. We feel this particularly in view of the fact that the general press apparently ignored the whole matter, though the statement is one which should be known to that general public as well as to Catholics. For, after all, no matter what modifications or compromises or special arrangements may be entered into by Catholics in the United States or in England, or Italy, or Mexico, it remains true that nothing short of the complete application of the principles maintained by the bishops can be the ideal which Catholics aim to achieve:

"(1) It is no part of the *normal* function of the state to *teach*.

"(2) The state is entitled to see that citizens receive due education sufficient to enable them to discharge the duties of citizenship in its various degrees.

"(3) The state ought, therefore, to encourage every form of sound educational endeavor, and may take means to safeguard the efficiency of education.

"(4) To parents whose economic means are insufficient to pay for the education of their children, it is the duty of the state to furnish the necessary means, providing them from the common funds arising out of the taxation of the whole community. But in so doing the state must not interfere with parental responsibility, nor hamper the reasonable liberty of parents

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in their choice of a school for their children. Above all, where the people are not all of one creed, there must be no differentiation on the ground of religion.

"(5) Where there is need of greater school accommodation the state may, in default of other agencies, intervene to supply it; but it may do so only 'in default of, and in substitution for, and to the extent of, the responsibility of the parents of the children who need this accommodation.

"(6) The teacher is always acting in loco parentis, never in loco civitatis, though the state to safeguard its citizenship may take reasonable care to see that teachers are efficient.

"(7) Thus a teacher never is and never can be a civil servant, and should never regard himself or allow himself to be so regarded. Whatever authority he may possess to teach and control children, and to claim their respect and obedience comes to him from God, through the parents, and not through the state, except in so far as the state is acting on behalf of the parents."

It is not the intention of The Commonweal at this time to discuss the problems which would be connected with the application of these principles, either in England or in the United States. We feel that for the present at least our editorial duty is fulfilled by giving what wider circulation we can effect to the discussion and study of this splendidly lucid statement of fundamental principles in a matter of vital concern, and also by directing our readers' attention to the equally lucid commentary upon this remarkable document contributed by Father Vincent McNabb to the July and August numbers of Blackfriars.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT IS just as well that the general enthusiasm with which the immediate future of American letters was regarded some years ago should give place to something almost the opposite. When hopes run too high, most of us are impatient with discipline and impatient for achievement. And according to Mr. Gorham B. Munson, this is one of the reasons for the failure of his generation to live up to what was expected of it a decade back. In a recent issue of the Saturday Review of Literature he writes: "We wished to do new things without questioning very much whether we had acquired the power to do old things. Above all, in our conceit we would not be taught—after a mere year or two of prentice work. . . . The price we have paid for this early independence is to find ourselves now inadequately prepared for the next two or three decades of what should be our mature serious work."

Most of us share Mr. Munson's disappointment with the present literary output in America, and it is a disappointment the more acute because the hopes of ten years ago were so unshakable and high. At the time only a few men saw that those hopes were based on signs not altogether reliable. For the rest it was too beautifully clear that the work of the previous decade, combined with a great expansion of activity in science and industry, called for a great literature. Mistaking restlessness, possibly, for energy, they were satisfied that the necessary talent was at hand; identifying, rather hastily, the progress of mechanics with an advance of the spirit, were sure that the environment was congenial. Half a dozen able men had prepared the general consciousness for a literature which would express our times rather than be a reflection of the literary experiences of the nineteenth century. It was always being said that the war had not only made the world eager for achievements of the mind and the spirit, but offered in itself the materials of art. And each day there were new scientific miracles to inspire the writer to celebrate an age so completely superior to, so satisfactorily separated from, any which had preceded it.

What was overlooked, of course, was the example of history. There never has been any proof that literature is so connected with whatever men may be doing in other fields of endeavor that its creation is inevitable whenever there are adventures afoot, battles being fought, changes in the crafts and sciences. It has sometimes been pretended that the great literature of Elizabeth can be explained as a response to the success of the explorers and the admirals; that discovery and conquest had "enlarged the souls" of all Englishmen. Ten years ago this was a very popular explanation. It made no difference that Drake and Frobisher and a half a dozen other most romantic figures had gone neglected by men of letters while Shakespeare pored over Plutarch, Froissart and the chronicles of Holinshed, or while Ben Jonson, writing directly of the contemporary scene, saved his most ridiculous rôle for the soldier. It made no difference that the adventurous activity of England in the late sixteenth century had been approximated in many other times and places without being accompanied by any literature to speak of. It was popular to suppose that since one of the characteristics of the Elizabethan age had reappeared, however changed and strangely garmented, in our own times, the rest would follow. We were familiarizing ourselves with new circumstances of living, and would produce a great new literature.

For the assurance of authority, we remembered the prediction of Mr. Wordsworth about the place of science in letters. Well, for twenty years at least we had been as familiar with the work of science as he could have wished. The phenomena of nature had already become more strange to many of us than the marvels of our laboratories, but these latter had not yet contributed prominently to literature. Whether they ever will, now, we are determined not to inquire. For partly because of them we have been so busy congratulating ourselves on being the creators of a new literature that we have had no time left in which to create it. We should not be fooled in that way again.

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THE WILLEBRANDT SEARCHLIGHT*

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

EACH generation thinks the dismaying things it sees are peculiar to itself, whereas its grandads and theirs saw the same discouraging things, were just as dismayed by them, and went to their graves believing they had lived in the bad new times. "There is nothing new," says Mabel Willebrandt, "about—" Well, what she happens to be speaking about is "this alliance between politics and booze," to complete her sentence. But it is just as true of all the other manifestations of politics in action which crop up throughout these unshirted revelations of hers.

First, since we have mentioned it first, we will take up "this alliance between politics and booze." To hear this generation talk, you would think the alliance began with bootleggers, hijackers, quick-trigger dry agents, Rum Row and all the glories of the prohibition scene. There is such an alliance, in case anyone doubts it, and it began along with American politics, not along with the Volstead Act. "It is not the result of prohibition," says Mrs. Willebrandt. No, by the shades of Morris Tekulsky, of the Wine, Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association, and of King Alcohol in the distilleries and breweries and everywhere else in the land.

Now why should alcohol ally itself with politics or vice versa? Not through anything in the nature of things, any more than potatoes should, or butter or wool or machinery. Alcohol is an industrial product. It allies—no, that is not a misprint for "allied"—itself with politics because the great American genius has decided that such things as alcohol are a proper subject of legislation. The legislation has always been restrictive and is now prohibitive. The alcohol dealer, from the human desire to make money in his business, desires and desired his business to be as little restricted as possible, just as the coal merchant or the druggist would in similar circumstances. The politician, since it is he who makes and always must make the laws—that is what politics means, in the last shaking-out of its meaning—can relax or tighten the restriction or even the prohibition.

Therefore the liquor dealer, if he has any wish to get along in life, has to deal with the politician, or in other words the lawmaker; for whether he sits in legislative halls or in some back room, the politician is the lawmaker; that is what he boils down into, United States senator or ward boss. And this dealing with the politician soon became not an arduous thing, but a phase of business no more to be worried about than the cost of paying for lighting or truckage; politician and liquor dealer got along very well, and "understood each other" as excellently, a hundred years ago as now.

Is there no difference, then, between the alliance under prohibition and the alliance before? There is no difference whatever in the alliance, which is created by the mere existence of restrictive legislation and will never end—unless restrictive legislation does, which is as likely as that the cow will jump over the moon. But there is a big difference in the fact that prohibition gives the alliance greater opportunities, greater power; and likewise greater wealth, which brings us to the subject of graft.

Mrs. Willebrandt says that the graft-hunting politician "saw the greater opportunity for graft in the initial stages of attempted enforcement of the Volstead Act." Greater opportunities; that is the only difference. The most simple-minded citizen must see that the bigger the fortunes piled up by the protected lawbreaker, the bigger and easier the graft for the politician who preys on him. Mrs. Willebrandt, as Assistant Attorney General, looked up some cases of tax evasion and found that one bootlegger owed the government $1,300,000, "that is," she explains, "the tax, not the money he made." Figure the money he made for yourself. Not all of us income-taxpayers in other lines of business sign checks for a million and a quarter when March 15 comes around. She found five other bootleggers who owed somewhat smaller sums, but still monumental. Most bootleggers, probably, pay their income taxes like other people, but these cases happened to be heard of because the taxpayers tried to cheat the Income Tax Bureau.

Bootlegging, therefore, is a far more profitable business than ever was saloon-keeping or distilling or grape-growing. The old-time saloon-keeper did not make fortunes mounting into the millions in a year or two. (It is evident from the res gestae that these cases of great fortunes Mrs. Willebrandt describes came to her notice when prohibition was still a young and noble experiment.) Therefore the temptation to graft is greater with the politician, and also the grafting politician gets more out of it, for he now has a fatter till to tap. That is the difference, and the only difference, between what prohibition has done for graft collection and what the old open-saloon system did for it.

"The politician" is a witch-word, meaning somebody, anybody. Who are the politicians who are in the alliance with liquor, and how far does their influence extend? Mrs. Willebrandt explains. The Cabinet minister or senator looks like a very great man, the humble ward heeler like a small one, but she is merciless in showing how the lion dances for the pleas-

* *The first part of The Willebrandt Searchlight appeared last week.*

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ure of the gnat. All the great men from mayor to governor and senator—with that characteristically ironical courtesy of hers, she almost noisily omits to mention Presidents—are dependent, she says, on "the smaller politician with his large force of deputies and assistants." The gang he runs, in coarser words. "Anyone who was engaged in politics in the years before prohibition, as I was," says this experienced politician, knows that that was the rule in "the pre-Volsteadian period." Neither human nature nor American politics changes, and it is the rule still, and will continue to be.

The unnoticed ward politician or city boss is content to stay in the background, but he gets what he wants. He reaches even into the courts. "Dozens," says Mrs. Willebrandt, "of United States district attorneys and their assistants owe their appointment to the favor of not only congressmen and senators, but of the whole political machine, ranging from deputy constables and assistant assessors to mayors and councilmen." Again, with that deft courtesy of hers, she loudly fails to mention judges!

The unnoticed local boss reaches high but silently. Mrs. Willebrandt tells, for instance, of two honest and efficient prohibition sleuths named Connor and Quigley, who began making trouble for a distillery. The distillery people said to them, "You — — — won't last thirty days." The information was correct. They lasted twenty-one days, and then received a telegram from Washington reading: "Your services are discontinued at the close of business as of December 31, 1925, without dereliction or misconduct."

Mr. Secretary or Mr. Commissioner, or whoever sent the telegram, had nothing against Connor and Quigley. Some senator or representative had told him to get rid of them, and he knew if he did not he would have an unhappy time in a shortened public life. Mr. Senator or Mr. Representative had nothing against the two agents either; most likely had never heard their names. It all reaches back to the little unnoticed ward boss or city boss, sitting unseen in a dingy town far away and not even a name to the Washington correspondents or to anybody connected with the national government.

Mrs. Willebrandt writes of prohibition, because it is the side of government she knows about. But the same thing might have happened to any agent of any branch of the government, as well as to these two prohibition agents. It is politics; not prohibition politics, but United States politics, played as it always has been, always will be.

She tells of the case of two brothers named La Montagne, indicted for violating the Volstead law. They pleaded guilty. Whereupon "a Cabinet officer," she says, and other powerful persons interceded to get the case quashed, though the defendants had no defense and had made none. Was the Cabinet officer personally interested in the La Montagnes? Without even knowing who he was, though I am sure it was one of a certain two, I affirm confidently that he didn't know who they were and cared nothing whether they were guillotined or shot at sunrise. He had been told by a congressman, who had been told by somebody lower down, and so on. In this case it may not have stretched down so far as the little local precinct boss, for Mrs. Willebrandt hints that cash had been turned into the treasury of the Republican National Committee to the extent of $18,000.

But suppose it was. Did that $18,000 contribution affect the Cabinet officer so powerfully as to make him intrigue with the President to let these confessed lawbreakers off? A hundred to one, no. It affected somebody, though. The somebody it affected was an officer of the Republican National Committee, chairman, treasurer or what not. I have an extremely good idea who it was, and cannot understand why Mrs. Willebrandt is so merciful as to shield his very familiar name.

Again: This happened in a Volstead violation case, but it might as well have happened in any other kind of case. It is politics, that's all. In such cases, when (as rarely happens) there is a Willebrandt to turn the searchlight on the darkness, how puppet-like appear the figures of the great men, from President to mayor, dancing at the jerk of the strings in the fingers of some little politician unknown even by name to the adoring public!

She turns her searchlight on the "personal loan" in politics. When huge campaign contributions became a scandal, those legislators who are always legislating to make water run uphill enacted what is known as "corrupt practices legislation," though it hasn't much to do with corrupt practices. In some statutes they limited the size of campaign contributions, and in others they decreed that all campaign contributions should be published, so that everybody might know who was giving up, and how much.

These laws are obeyed—strictly obeyed, in form, like the Volstead law. But they run counter to an element in human nature and to a factor in all the politics that ever was played. Campaigns cannot be run without money. The low limitation placed on contributions by legislation would not carry a single campaign. Therefore the organization—that is, the candidate's managers—have to get a lot more. The people they get it from do not want it known that they gave it, much less how much they gave. For one thing, they generally gave it in the expectation of certain favors from the incoming administration, and it will not look well when, next year, they receive those favors.

So the law, like the prohibition and Negro suffrage amendments and the personal property tax and so many others, is a law highly honored in words and not otherwise. Mrs. Willebrandt turns her searchlight in that direction. She tells of a famous senator, the boss of his state (she might as well have given his name, since anyone can guess it) who left, among other

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riches, a certain sum of $250,000 in cash. This quarter of a million did not go into his estate, cash though it was; his heirs turned it over to another great man in the Republican party. Why? Because the money, obviously, was not his; nor was it the other great man's, either. It belonged to the party, and each of the two great men became in turn its trustees.

How did it come to belong to the party? It was not in the assets of either National or State Committee, which by the law directing water to run uphill must always be public. It was given the party as a "campaign contribution"; but it was given in the form of a personal loan from a friend to the great and wealthy senator. Private and personal loans from Tom to Dick are nobody's business and do not have to be made public. Mrs. Willebrandt implies that it was "loaned" by the distillers to pay for lax enforcement of prohibition, but that makes no difference; it might have been loaned by any wealthy corporation desirous of favors from government, just as well. The moral? That politics is hopelessly wicked? The moral I prefer to draw is that in the forty-ninth century A. D. mankind will have learned that it is no use enacting laws to make water run uphill.

OLD SAINT THOMAS'S MANOR

By ETHEL ROBY HAYDEN

ONE bright June morning in the year 1641, a young Indian brave stood on a hill above the little group of wigwams that was Potopaco and watched a small boat come around the great bend of the Potomac. The solitary black-clad figure rowed steadily with practised oar to the shore of the village and pushed the boat well up into the rushes. By the time the young sentinel reached him he was surrounded by red-skin hosts crowding to give him welcome, for he was no stranger to Potopaco. This was Father Andrew White from the pale-face settlement down the river at the place they called Saint Mary's. Father White could speak the Indians' language, he knew their customs, he helped and advised them and was always welcome among them; but this morning the village had a special welcome for him as he had come down from Kittamaquindi the capital of the Piscataways, to make his home with them. A wigwam was made ready for his use and the squaws had prepared a fine meal of corn pone, hominy and a special sweetish drink made from cornmeal and native fruits.

So it was that the Jesuits' missions started in Charles County, Maryland—the missions which in all the years since then have had their source at old Saint Thomas's Manor overlooking what is known today as the Port Tobacco valley. The wigwam was the forerunner of the manor seat which was to be the scene of so much Catholic history. This little village of the Potopaco Indians lay near the head of a creek, tributary to the Potomac, thirty miles from where the river flows into Chesapeake Bay. With the coming of the white men its name was soon corrupted into Port Tobacco which, though meaningless, has stood the test of years. As early as 1639 Father White made the village a Catholic centre when he converted and baptized the young Indian queen and 130 of her subjects.

Though the name of Father Andrew White will always be connected with the landing of the Ark and Dove and of the first missionary days at Saint Mary's, yet in this fertile valley up the Potomac lay the real home of the "Apostle of Maryland." Other fathers helped to evangelize the settlements elsewhere, but Potopaco was Father White's special domain. There he composed his catechism in the native dialect long before Eliot wrote his Indian Bible, and there he compiled a grammar and a dictionary of the Indian language together with other minor works. Working all day as a priest and missionary, he spent the long evenings by the light of a pine-knot candle giving to the world some of the most valuable additions to Indian philology. But he loved it—it was of Potopaco that he wrote to England:

> The soil is so excellent that we cannot sett downe foot but tread on strawberries, raspberries, fallen mulberries, acchorns, walnuts, saxafras, etc.—and these in the wildest woods. The ground is commonly a black mold above and a foot within ground a reddish colour. All is high wood except where the Indians have clere for corne. It abounds with delicate springs which are our best drinks. Birds diversely feathered there are infinite, as eagles, swans, hernes, bitterns, geese, ducks and partridges, reds, blew, particoloured and the like, by which will be seen the place abounds not alone with profit but with pleasure.

Records gathered from various sources do not all agree on dates, but it is likely that Father John Altham and Father Roger Rigbie were the companions of Father White from time to time, until the last year of his stay at Potopaco when he was joined by Father Thomas Copley. Then, in 1645, Puritan England put out a vicious hand to the throat of the little colony in Maryland, and Father White and his companions were seized and transported as malefactors across the ocean.

Father White never came back, but in 1648 Father Copley returned, and the following year he acquired formal possession of the Port Tobacco mission for the Jesuits. The land was called Saint Thomas's Manor and was taken up under the "conditions of plantation" in the same way that lands were acquired by other settlers. No special privilege was conceded to them as ecclesiastics. The second Lord Baltimore was determined that no land of the province should be held by ecclesiastics as such, or claimed for the support of re-

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ligion. If the Jesuits employed their private possessions in the service of religion it was from no obligation attaching to their grants.

The newly acquired manor was only beginning to develop when Father Copley died in 1853. He was one of the most distinguished figures in early Maryland history. Born in Madrid in 1594, he trod a long and thorny way to the lonely hillside grave in southern Maryland. On his mother's side he was a great-great-grandson of the gallant Margaret Giggs who appears beside Margaret Roper in Holbein's famous picture of Sir Thomas More's family. His father was descended from English royal blood, and both families had suffered long and faithfully for the old religion. So Father Copley's life was but a carving of new byways along an old road.

The manor lands had been settled on Mr. Thomas Matthews as trustee, a trust which Mr. Matthews held until 1662 when he conveyed all his rights therein to Father Henry Warren. By that time there was a small chapel and pastoral residence built beside the river on a point near the Port Tobacco creek. The homes of the prosperous settlers began to top the hills and dot the river ways. Father Warren's spiritual plantation was a wide-flung field.

That particular section of Maryland is one of rare beauty, a countryside which even today is remarked for its similarity to parts of rural England. No wonder the English Jesuits loved it—they were mostly Englishmen who came to the manor in those days. The records of the earlier years give up such names as Fathers Francis Pennington, William Hunter, George Therold, Peter Atwood, John Lewis, Benjamin Roels, Joseph Mosley, and many names of Charles County families prominent there today.

Of these men Father William Hunter was one who left a lasting imprint on the history of Saint Thomas's. He was superior in 1692 and labored there during the years which covered a most trying period in the history of Maryland. Himself a conspicuous victim of the legislation which was beginning to press so heavily upon the Catholics, he wrote a powerful appeal for fair play and the restoration of the rights guaranteed by the fundamental laws of Maryland which he entitled Liberty and Property and signed A Lover of His Country. Even in these hard days Father Hunter found it possible to change the chapel and residence from the old location on the creek to the new one on the hill where the manor house stands today. In 1710 one of the priests wrote to England that they were building at a place which the fathers called "Paradise" for it was situated high above the mists of the lowlands around. There, in the new chapel, Father Hunter hung the first church bell that broke the stillness of the Port Tobacco valley.

This house, that was like Paradise to the fathers who had lived in the old one down in the lowlands, was the manor home for more than thirty years, and then another Father Hunter built a large house which was considered very grand for those days. "The handsomest mansion along the Potomac," people called it and Father George Hunter who built it was, like his namesake, pastor at Saint Thomas's for many years.

Superior of the American missions, he directed from Saint Thomas's the extension of the Catholic Church in America. He sent priests to begin the missions at Frederick, Maryland, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, providing the funds for their support. The home mission must have been looking up by that time for he had an organ sent from Philadelphia to Saint Thomas's and his accounts for the year 1763 show that he paid an organist twenty pounds a year. In 1765 he recorded a deed from Carroll for a lot in Baltimore Town which was to provide the beginnings of Baltimore's Catholicity. The exiled Acadians came under his patronage too, for his books mention Acadian names to whom money was paid for "mending for the house and making for the Negroes," as well as a French miller and his boy—Janvier l'Enfant. He established the first Catholic school in Baltimore Town which was taught by Acadians.

The superiors in those days had to be farmers and business men as well as spiritual directors, and the combination was well balanced in Father Hunter. The manor lands were rich and fertile, but the corn, wheat and tobacco crops were augmented by all the sidelines of intensive farming. One source of revenue was a large flock of geese, and in 1764 Father Hunter's books credit a fine crop of feathers from the live birds. Nor was the executive side cultivated at the expense of the spiritual side in this remarkable man, for there was much evidence to show that he was a very pious soul. The Negroes about the manor still love to tell the story of how, one winter night, two strange young men called at the house to take Father Hunter in their boat across the Potomac to visit a dying man. The man had not sent for the priest, he said, because there was no one to send; he did not know the two young men. They rowed Father Hunter to his own shore in silence and he saw them no more. "Angels," the Negroes will tell you today; and as a nearby plantation still prizes a permanent ghost it seems only fitting that there should be angels for Saint Thomas's.

During the Revolution the fathers were annoyed by marauding parties from the British ships in the Potomac. The sailors practised marksmanship by aiming at the crosses on the tombstones, which accounts for the battered condition of the old graveyard. A letter from General Lee to Lafayette contains the news that "Priest Hunter's house has been burned by the British," but this report referred to Father William Hunter's old house down by the creek. Many years later the roofs of both house and church were burned and the insides of both buildings completely destroyed. They were restored on the original foundations and walls of the old mansion where Father George Hunter lived and died.

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Father Charles Sewall (a descendant of Major Henry Sewall, connected by marriage with the Calverts) built the present church in 1798. It too is built on the site of the old chapel, and like it is connected with the residence of the priests. The older chapel was so built that it might be considered a portion of the priest's house, in accordance with the law prohibiting public places of Catholic worship. A portion of the original chapel does duty today as a sacristy.

At the time of the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773 there were twenty priests in the American missions, all of them Jesuits. There was none to supplant them as the Revolution prevented England from sending others. Thus the Jesuits were able to retain their possessions and to continue their ministerial functions under Father John Lewis, who had been their local superior and was now vicar-general to the bishop of the London district. During the whole time of the war there was no communication between the priests in America and their bishop. Afterward, when these conditions were brought to the knowledge of the authorities in Rome, measures were taken for the appointment of a local bishop. Father John Carroll was selected for the position.

When the time came for the restoration of the Society of Jesus, Saint Thomas's was the principal seat of the preliminary proceedings in this country, and held a prominent part in the consummation of the work. When His Holiness Pius VII, by a brief dated March 7, 1801, granted to Father Francis Kareu and his colleagues residing in Russia, power to form themselves into a body of the Company of Jesus and to resume and follow the rule of Saint Ignatius Loyola, approved by the constitutions of Paul III, the former Jesuits in Maryland applied to His Holiness for the same power. Accordingly, in 1806, this was granted them, subject, however, to the father-general in Russia.

It was a significant conference which was held in the parlor of the old manor house that May morning in 1806, when Bishop Carroll and his coadjutor, Bishop Leonard Neale, met with five of the Jesuit Fathers who had petitioned to be received in the new Society, to appoint Father Robert Molyneux the first superior. Father Molyneux came up from Newtown in Saint Mary's on August 18 of the same year, and renewed his vows in the manor church in the presence of Father Sewall and Father Charles Neale. The same day Father Sewall renewed his vows and Father Neale, who had been only a novice at Ghent in the old Society, pronounced his vows for the first time. Father Molyneux then transferred his residence from Newtown to Saint Thomas's, which became the first community of the new Society and was its headquarters until the bull of Pius VII, issued August 7, 1814, completely reëstablished the Society of Jesus throughout the world. Thirty years later, when Father William McSherry was made first provincial, he likewise made Saint Thomas's his dwelling-place and the provisional headquarters of the province.

Since then nearly one hundred years have passed and the work goes on the same, day after day and year after year, in the old manor house. The names of the men who have lived under its ancient roof, or there laid down their work to rest on the hill beyond the church, march through the pages of its history like a procession of faithful crusaders. The lives of many of them would furnish interesting biographies. Pictures of some of the most colorful personalities must linger in the memory of many still living. There was gentle Father Wiget, quick and active in mind and body; Father Vicinanza riding his sorrel pacing horse; Father Meurer, tall, aquiline and silver-haired; Father Scanlon, red-haired and militant, and aristocratic Father McSwyney.

Another decade will start the old mission on its fourth century. The years have brought to Saint Thomas's a mellow personality, and the extent of its influence would be hard to estimate. Today the old house stands in quiet dignity on its hilltop; from the gardens and the graveyard beyond the church one may look down on the point where the first little chapel stood and out over the Potomac to the far Virginia hills. If one is thoughtful it is easy to bridge the centuries and see Father White's little boat come silently around the bend of the river.

Very Tree

Forget the tube of bark,
Alliterative leaves,
Tenacious like a hand
Gnarled rootage in the dark
Interior of land.

Bright incidental bird
Whose melody is fanned
Among the bundled sheaves,
Wild spool of the winding word,
Reject: and let there be
Only tree.

Earth's absolute arithmetic
Of being is not in the flowering stick
Filled with the sperm of sun,
But in a figure seen
By second eyes when we close
Slow petals of the brain
At evening like a rose.

Colors pour in and out:
Here is a timeless structure wrought
Like the candelabrum of pure thought,
Stripped of green root and leaf,
Getting no seed to sprout,
Yet lovely, lovely,
God's Very Tree,
Form of whose intense inner life
Abstractly branches to attain
What glory, Tree, what pain?

STANLEY J. KUNITZ.

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EQUALITY AND AUTHORITY

By SELDEN P. DELANY

Ever since the egalitarian principle became a working part of our political philosophy, thinkers have been busy with its relation to the doctrine of authority. One school has found the two to be irreconilably opposed, and has continued to predict that equality would be the final solvent of authority. There is an even more ancient teaching, as all Catholics know, that the two principles are parts of one organic and vital truth. We welcome Dr. Delany's fine statement of this relationship, more particularly as it embodies the testimony of one of the most significant Anglican thinkers of our day.—The Editors.

THE Catholic religion is a religion of authority. That means not simply that the individual must be subject to the authority of the Church as expressed in her creeds and the pronouncements of her councils, but also obedient to fellow human beings vested with her authority and commissioned to speak in the name of God. This subjection of one individual to another is not always palatable to Americans. It seems to go counter to the principal expressed in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal. Is this a Christian principle, or did it originate in the fertile brain of some imaginative revolutionary? If all men have been created equal, why should one submit to the authority of another?

Let us first consider the principle of equality. In our day, the common opinion among intelligent folk is that all men are not equal. We have only to look about us to see that there are vast differences in natural gifts, temperament and mental capacity. These differences are often congenital. When the heckling charwoman interrupted the campaign speech of Lady Astor by the challenge, "My children are as good as yours," and Lady Astor promptly asked, "Which one of mine?" and later went on to say, "If a husband and wife cannot make their children equal, how can a Labor government do it?" she not only made a very clever retort, but she gave voice to a conviction widely held by educated people.

From the standpoint of Christian philosophy, the problem cannot be solved so simply. There is a real sense in which all men are equal, and this truth has been emphasized by all the greatest Christian teachers. Pope Pius X in his Motu Proprio, an encyclical letter on popular Christian action, stated the matter admirably when he said:

> The equality of the different members of society consists only in this, that all men derive their origin from God the Creator, that they have been redeemed by Jesus Christ, and that they must be judged, rewarded or punished by God, according to the exact measure of their merits or demerits.

This enables us to see why differences in natural gifts do not make for inequality. According to the same standards, all men will be judged by God for the way in which they have used their gifts. The same tests will be applied to the man with five talents as to the man with one talent.

Saint Gregory the Great, in his Morals, laid stress on the equality of all men, but held that some become inferior to others through sin. He said:

> It is evident that nature has made all men equal; but according to the variable order of merit, sin has brought it about that some are inferior to others; and in this disparity, which has vice for its origin, the Divine Will has ordained that since man in general is incapable of directing himself in the way of righteousness, it is necessary that the bad be directed by the good.

In his Pastoral Rule, Saint Gregory included the following teaching on authority:

> Those who hold positions of authority should remember that it is not the power of directing others, but the equality in human condition, which is inherent in their nature; and that they will find their happiness, not in issuing commands to other men, but in being helpful to them.

Applied to modern conditions, this means that all men are by nature, and in the sight of God, equal. They all share the same human nature, with its annoying weaknesses and magnificent possibilities. Their responsibility to God for the way in which they live here on earth is measured always by the same criteria. To whom much has been given by inheritance, education or environmental opportunity, of him much shall be required by God. To whom little has been given, of him little shall be required. The only way in which a man can become really inferior to his neighbor is through wilful and conscious sin. Every man who has fallen into a degrading sin knows that he is inferior, whether he be millionaire or pauper, university president or janitor, scientist or ash-man.

From this point of view we can best understand the meaning of authority. The only justification for authority is to be found in the divine law of charity, which supplies men with a standard to enable them to determine rightly their duties toward God, their neighbors and themselves. Charity is willed by God for the realization of our true end. Everything in life should be subordinated to this one aim. We must all work for the attainment of the true end of our being, which is perfect charity for God and for man, and help others to do the same. It is necessary that those who are especially qualified should be placed in positions of authority, in order that they may render this needed assistance to their fellows. Those who are in positions of authority in the Church are exhorted by Saint Peter not to act as lords over God's heritage, but

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to be ensamples to the flock. So it is with all positions of authority in every human relationship. The authority of a husband over his wife means simply that he is to encourage her and help her to adhere to the way of salvation. The authority of parents over their children imposes an obligation on the parents to bring their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The authority of the employer over those who are working for him means nothing more than that he should serve them in every possible way, so as to enable them to live as human beings and attain to the true end for which God has created them. Our Lord laid down this fundamental principle when He called attention to the difference between the authority that was exercised by the kings of the Gentiles and that which should be exercised among His followers.

True Christian authority has always been softened and sweetened by humility. The man who exercises authority with a proud spirit may be obeyed for a time by unwilling subjects, but his commands will accomplish nothing permanent that can be built up into the kingdom of God. Those who exercise authority in meekness and humility are everywhere met with a glad obedience and an enthusiastic response. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This is true wherever authority is exercised, whether it be by the policeman or the Pope. It was a flash of true insight that led the Police Commissioner of New York to suggest as the slogan for all the members of the New York police force these simple words, "At your service." It was a divine inspiration that led the successors of Saint Peter from the earliest times, in all their official utterances, to sign themselves, "Servant of the servants of God."

CONCERNING RUTH PITTER

By GORHAM B. MUNSON

WE COMMONLY attribute to posterity an ideal taste. But it is necessary to look to our own taste, less Time, whom Swift figured as the tutor of Prince Posterity, sweep hastily into oblivion such masterpieces as our age may bring forth and fail to recognize. If Time finds that we have left no record of them and have carelessly buried them in mountainous piles of discarded books, the Prince will never even hear of their titles. But is the taste of posterity ideal? Again look to ourselves: we are now cast as successor of that Prince Posterity to whom The Tale of a Tub was dedicated, and who would say that we understood and appreciated half so well the skilful varied simplicity of Swift's prose as did his contemporaries? Taste changes, but it may also in successive changes sink lower and lower for centuries. An awareness of this troubles one's confidence in the judgment of posterity.

So let us say, if the taste of the next age is superior to ours, it will find the poetry of Ruth Pitter one of the highest accomplishments in English literature of our era. But if it declines, even from our standards, extinction will probably be the fate of her noble music.

It is our duty to see that rumor of her is spread so that her gifts may have a fair trial by Time. Her securities against the annihilating breath of the future are two small books: First Poems (Swift, 1920) and First and Second Poems (Sheed and Ward, 1927). Her advocates are two of the strictest judges of contemporary verse, Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. A. R. Orage, but neither they nor her books have made any appreciable impression on English readers of poetry. "This is a resurrection," said Belloc, "of what people have forgotten. This bears the authentic mark and it will tell. I was too charitable to my generation!"

Because England has failed in responsiveness, America has never been tested by Miss Pitter's poetry.* It is my purpose, formed not quickly like that of a reviewer who each month finds a book a little better written than the average and forthwith makes his pen stutter with excited praise, but deliberately after a year of reading and rereading First and Second Poems, to say to American lovers of poetry: "Here is one who is not a ragged pilgrim going toward Parnassus, but one who actually dwells on that magic mountain and has climbed from its lower slopes to the upper air where true excellence alone can live."

I have mentioned a climb, and indeed it is the increasing elevation of Miss Pitter's poetry that is most astonishing. Many poets show a remarkable variety on the same level of feeling, but here is a poet who reveals variety in the degrees of her elevation. A minute selection will display the steepness of the ascent. But I shall ask the reader to open first his Oxford Book of English Verse and spend a few minutes in the reading of Sir Philip Sidney's The Bargain:

> My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
> By just exchange one for another given,

and the following lines, perfect of their kind. Then turn to The Fairies, by William Allingham:

> Up the airy mountain,
> Down the rushy glen,
> We daren't go ahunting
> For fear of little men;
> Wee folk, good folk,
> Trooping all together;
> Green jacket, red cap,
> And white owl's feather!

* *The Dial has recently published two poems by Miss Pitter.*

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and all the rest, about the frogs as watch dogs, the old king supping with the queen of the Northern Lights, and the theft of little Bridget. After this, for a poetic experience of still another order, read The Song of the Indian Maid, selected from Endymion. How it mounts in ecstatic revelry as it celebrates the coming of Bacchus and his kin! Close the anthology, begin to read in Miss Pitter's volume, and before long you will be astonished to discover that she has the freedom of the range from Sir Philip Sidney to John Keats.

The first of her poems I shall quote is Sturdy Thieves:

> Whit out of the wood
> That killest king's game for food,
> What is the staff to bring the blood?
> Why, I say surely, good oak or holly.
>
> And Sim out of the shaw
> That hath the eye of the daw,
> What helpeth thee against the law?
> Why, I say surely, good oak or holly.
>
> And Charles out of the chase
> That leaves no hide in his place,
> What is thy charm against disgrace?
> Why, I say surely, good oak or holly.
>
> Any therefore that grieves
> For all these sturdy thieves,
> Hearken now wiseman, that believes
> They will be, while there be oak or holly.

This—and with it I group such poems as The Realm, Pastoral with Artifice, and the song which begins with the lines

> The end of true love is to sit and mourn;
> Heigh-ho, the end of love!

is to me indisputably the reëmergence of Elizabethan sentiment. Fresh in feeling, spirited in composition, pastoral in quality, they shed on us the merry rays of the soul of a green England miraculously unsooted with factory smoke: they revive in us long-memoried sentimental associations with the land of Robin Hood, of Thomas Lodge, of Drake, of Corin and Sylvius and Phoebe.

Just as it is by his song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," that Ben Jonson lives for most readers and not by his comedies of humors, so it is by her verse of sentiment that Ruth Pitter is most likely to evoke popular delight. More is demanded of the reader as the poet's emotion ascends to stranger regions; those who will listen to elfin music are not an army. Miss Pitter has written a number of poems, such as The Dead Fay, Well Beloved, September Night, which are so impersonal in their feeling that one is tempted to call them non-human, and for that term I shall have to pay with an explanation. Only first I shall present for examination one of her poems of that kind: it is called The Elfin Heart:

> They that have the elfin heart
> Cannot weep;
> In the desert they would sleep
> While the lion watched apart;
> And when tears of mortals start,
> Silence keep.
>
> They have eyes dark and deep,
> And their look
> As a pool in forest brook,
> As a tarn on mountain steep,
> As a spell, doth calmness keep,
> Sealed book!
>
> Who are they? O brethren, tell!
> Do ye know
> Why the winter's folding snow,
> And the wild wolves' hungry yell,
> Fright them not, and where they go
> Sans farewell?
>
> All their ways with flowers strow,
> For they see
> What to us is mystery,
> Far forgotten, long ago;
> Neither have they friend or foe;
> Elfin heart I may not know;
> Pity me!

The effect is strange, and it is not human! Perhaps that is why older poets invented non-human beings such as sprites, fairies, elves, when they wished to play with human emotions and yet be perfectly detached from them. Who has not felt, occasionally and rarely, a disruption in the round of close, familiar human feelings and been seized fleetingly by a state of impersonal delight? It may have occurred as one glanced at the play of a cat in the sunlight or perused a passage in Alice in Wonderland. I recall a short walk in the night with a companion in Brittany when with no apparent cause we were both taken by an indescribable emotion. We called it "pagan": it was as though we had felt something that this ancient soil was experiencing alien to our circle of experience. Not at all pantheistic or mystical! I despair of defining it, for who can define the appeal of Keats's lines?

> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

But perhaps it was a visitation of what Poe, that passionate struggler for precision, named supernal beauty.

On these occasions we are remote from our human world. We are in another world, a moon-struck one as it happens in Poe's Annabel Lee, or an absolutely unformulable one as in Kubla Khan. When Ariel sings "Full fathom five thy father lies," it has been said that the spirit is so far above us that it is like a distant but very bright light. Certainly there is no human sentiment in Ariel's song, and though the spirit plays with our emotions it does not share them.

I believe that Ruth Pitter frequently, sometimes in two or three lines, sometimes in whole poems, inducts us into experiences that, speaking figuratively, are not

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germane to our planet but belong to "faery lands forlorn" on other planets.

But the summit of poetry is of course not harmonies from elfland but ecstasy. Ecstasy is a word too often profaned by critics for me to profane it. Ecstasy is very rare. Without comment, I shall let In Praise stand as an offering which alone, even if Miss Pitter had written nothing else, should suffice to establish her in the small company of English lyricists who have nearly reached the crown of Parnassus:

O sing of all thy saints, friend Poesy,
Thy company incomparable hymn forth;
Mute in the mortal voice, but tunable,
Most tunable, the where all else is death;
Fluting in winds and praying in still airs,
Missaled in flowers and merry in green leaves.
Sweetly shall I be shrived of weariness
And rest, rest, rest—and yet be large in life
If thou extend one fold of thine apparel
For silken mail, bright harness marvelous.
Send me not forth, for I am loth to go;
I am fidelity that still abideth
Both poor and gentle in all righteousness
And keeps the door, both for to hearken thee,
And through the wicket call to wayfarers
Like throstle in cold harborage of spring,
Some notes of thee, with bright eye and still plume
And passioned throat, and never a thought but song.
I will not count the dawns nor the moon's wanings,
Nor see the errant tides dance up the strand,
Unless it hap thou chant of the new day,
Or of stars gathered in the golden sickle,
Or the upleaping wild and fairy wave.
Call war, I am a legion; stay at home,
Sing lullaby to babes, and so will I.
Play with a blade of grass, 'tis beautiful;
Or rive the forest like a wind from hell,
Still will I follow and that lightsomely.
And heaven shall smile that I forget my soul,
And frown not; for thy silver traffickings
Are thorough heaven, where I shall light me down
When that thou stayest, and the world is burned.

Some words are no doubt expected on Miss Pitter's technique and on her "message." But only lesser beauties can be demonstrated. Miss Pitter employs set frames—the sonnet, rondeau, ballade, definite stanzaic patterns, and so on—to trammel her impulses to sing, and she achieves the old miracle of appearing easy and poised and spontaneous despite the restrictions of the chosen shapes. The student on fuller acquaintance can make his own notes on her triumphs of workmanship: the boldness of the metaphors, the flexibility of her lines, her skill in assonance and internal rhyming, the restoration of "poetic language." He can also make those elucidatory comparisons that are another critical device for trying to state what is unstatable in terms of ideas.

I have not, in what has gone before, compared Miss Pitter with Ben Jonson, Coleridge, Shakespeare and the other great: I have attempted to say that she writes from the realms of feeling they expressed. An easier task is to compare her with her contemporaries. Mr. Belloc does this, choosing passages from Edith Sitwell and Rudyard Kipling to place beside Miss Pitter's The Swan. An American critic might choose one of her love poems to match against one of Miss Edna Millay's, one of her nature lyrics to one of Robert Frost's and one of her symbolic poems to one of Hart Crane's. I believe that all these comparisons with writers of some merit would be to Miss Pitter's advantage, but they are not in keeping with my aim here. The truth is, the greater beauties in poetry cannot be demonstrated. One can deal with heard melodies, but those unheard come thronging on the inner ear as poetry becomes more intense and finer and breath-taking, and with unheard melodies the critic can do nothing but listen.

No more can criticism draw forth a "message" from Miss Pitter's works. They are in essence religious, but attached to no church or creed. "The unfoiled spirit still doth seek perfection," she sings, and it is the search and struggle for spiritual perfection that is the inmost mark of the religious. The passion for perfection is fed by and itself gives sustenance to faith, love, hope, the sense of righteousness, aspiration, and all the other qualities once called noble that seem to animate the content of this poetry I am praising. And without the seeking for perfection, these virtues appear to degenerate into credulity, sentimentality, optimism, moral conformity and ambition, just as a bell tent falls all awry without a centre pole. Miss Pitter shows us the splendor of the feelings associated with a striving for perfection, and it is that splendor that we have forgotten ever existed when we turn our backs upon the past in the name of so-called modern progress.

We too denounce our age, but not as burningly as Miss Pitter in Confusion which closes:

But until then, woe on this weary time,
Whose kings are naught, with angels for their fools,
Misers for ministers, graces for scullions,
And every good that can be named of man
Bruised unto death, beggared and spat upon!

But we have lost the power of paradisiacal vision, dependent in no wise on literal beliefs, but constructed from a rich sense of color and sound and the pure emotions of wonder and bliss. The Waters of Paradise is given in full to close this essay and to show the kind of beauty that has redeemed Miss Pitter from nervous exacerbation, cynicism, complacency, unbalanced sensuality, and all the other personal concerns of a typical modern versifier.

In paradise there is a sea
Blue as the turkis stone,
And many passing wonders be
Hid in its depths alone,
But seen of all the folk of neighbor land,
Whose quiet feet do walk the yellow strand.

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And since that shore is void of man
No sail about it flies,
But hundred-hued Leviathan
Like a prone rainbow lies,
And looketh on the weaving waters wan
With stilly emerald eyes.

And though no sail move on the deep
As calm as any mere,
A radiant folk, who may not weep,
Without a sail do steer,
And very pleasant ways and winding keep
Above the solemn clear.

Par miracle, I once did go,
And stood upon the shore;
A gemmy archipelago
The gemmy waters bore,
And all these sprites that are unchained of woe
Do dwell there evermore.

Like to the summer leaves that make
A little whispering,
These folk that dwellen in the lake
Full fairly say and sing,
As waters blown at night, that wake
With a sweet murmuring.

THE CAPTAIN'S MEDAL

By WILLIAM A. MAGUIRE

IT WAS in May, 1923, at Constantinople, when a large force of United States destroyers operated in Turkish waters. Nearly every maritime nation of the world flew its flag in that region at the stern of a warship. The Bosphorus was completely in the hands of the Allies; even Spain had a smart cruiser there. Dreadnoughts were anchored within sight of the sultan's palace—a gesture in sea-power calculated to be fearful in the eyes of the Turk but reassuring to the other nationals ashore, as a guarantee of protection, should one of the daily crises become a catastrophe.

I had recently returned from the Black Sea where our destroyer had sailed to Odessa in the north and to Samsun on the southern shore. The sinister type of our ship belied its mission, for our task was to build up rather than to destroy the social fabric of unhappy humanity. Mine was a roving commission that took me on frequent trips into the Black Sea and the eastern Mediterranean. My permanent address, if there be such a thing as permanency in the naval service, was the U.S.S. Bridge, a "beef-boat," serving the twenty odd destroyers of the force which the American High Commissioner, Admiral Mark Bristol, commanded in the near East.

On the eve of the departure of one of the destroyer divisions to home waters, the Bainbridge, under the command of the late Lieutenant Commander W. Atlee Edwards, came alongside for stores in much the same smart way as she had approached a French transport a few months before, when her captain won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The circumstances were not the same. Yet as I stood on the deck of my own ship I could visualize the other scene. "Lieutenant Commander Edwards," so runs the citation, "placed his vessel alongside the bow of the French military transport, Vinh-Long [destroyed by fire in the Sea of Marmora] and in spite of several violent explosions . . . maintained his ship in that position until all who were alive were taken on board. Of a total of 495 on board, 482 [men, women and children] were rescued by his coolness, judgment and professional skill, which were combined with a degree of heroism that must reflect new glory on the United States navy."

This glorious feat of Edwards was still the popular topic of conversation in all the wardrooms of the ships then cruising in Turkish waters.

The extravagant sunset that evening made an alluring background for the mosque of Saint Sofia and the forest of minarets that flank the far side of the Golden Horn. It was nearly the hour for dinner and I was about to lay below to my stateroom when I discovered an old shipmate on the navigating bridge of Edwards's ship. We exchanged greetings and I accepted his invitation to dinner.

I had never met Atlee Edwards, although his name was known to me long before the episode in the Sea of Marmora. I was introduced to him at table in the rather diminutive wardroom of the Bainbridge. He was a man of medium height. His clear eyes and general poise bespoke the officer of quick and accurate judgment. He had all the air of a citizen of the world without the concomitant cynicism so often noticeable then among our officers who had seen at close range "man's inhumanity to man" in the Levant. One saw life in the raw when the new republic of Turkey was aborning. Atlee Edwards still professed sympathy for the Armenians, in spite of the vogue of damning them because of the few who converted the lot of the refugee into an easy avocation.

As Edwards joined in the jolly repartee of the mess he unconsciously twirled, with his index finger, a gold medal which hung suspended from his watch chain. His shipmates have since told me that this sort of nervousness was characteristic of him. The medal struck my fancy for the main reason that it appeared to have an image of a saint, in low relief, on one side of it. I awaited my chance and then asked if I might examine it.

"Gladly, padre," he said. "This is my most precious souvenir." He jerked his watch from his pocket and handed me the whole combination, including a gold pencil on the opposite end of the chain. The medal was about the size of a half-dollar. On one side I saw the image of a saint whose name is lost to me, and on the other side a representation of a French destroyer, steaming into a head sea.

"A lovely medal, captain," I said, almost caressing the thing. "Tell me the history of it."

Atlee Edwards told us of an incident that occurred at the burning of the Vinh-Long. All but two of the transport's personnel and passengers had been taken on board the American craft. Two remained: the captain and the chaplain of the troops, an old priest of the Dominican order. Edwards stood on the well deck of his destroyer and greeted the priest and the French captain as they climbed aboard. His knowledge of French made this function agreeable, especially to those whose lives he had saved. The old priest was amazed at Edwards's accent. It was peculiarly Parisian. Later, in the cabin, after Edwards had personally arranged for the comfort of the refugees, the bearded chaplain inquired as to the origin of the American commander's knowledge of French. Then Edwards explained that he had studied as a boy at the Dominican College in Paris. His father was in the diplomatic service. The priest was in ecstasy. "Tiens! Tiens! You, my dear captain, one of our boys. Mon Dieu! What won't they say in Paris when they hear of this!" Then with great feeling the old priest detached from his watch chain the medal. "Please accept this,

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my son, as a souvenir of this disaster and your heroism. It is a medal we wore during the great war when I served with the destroyer squadrons in the Mediterranean."

Atlee Edwards was proud of his medal. I am sure that he wore it to his dying day.

I thought of that dinner party in the Bosphorus while at breakfast in the fleet last winter. We read in the radio press news that Atlee Edwards had died. At the time of his death he was serving as executive officer of the President's yacht, the Mayflower. The other officers at the mess table delivered over that sheet of radio news the finest composite eulogy I have ever heard given to a fellow-man.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT IS THE LATERAN ACCORD?

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor:—The editorial which recently appeared in The Commonweal concerning the article of the Lateran treaty which takes away from excommunicated and former Catholic priests the right to hold government offices or offices in any public administration, shows that its writer, in critizing some remarks made by professor La Piana of Harvard University, is altogether unfamiliar with the facts on which he comments. There are two statements in the editorial on which a justification of that drastic measure is based: (1) that "the number of such men [former priests teaching in public schools] is exceedingly small"; (2) that "not a single one of the so-called 'modernist clergy' in Italy has taught any but a religious subject." But these statements are altogether false and show that your source of information is unreliable.

As to the first, it is enough to quote Mussolini's words in his address to the Italian Chamber of Deputies on May 13: "The individuals in such a situation [former priests teaching in public schools] are *about a thousand.*" This figure given by the Premier, was based on a survey made by the Italian Department of Public Education, which shows that about six hundred of them are teaching in the elementary schools, more than three hundred in the gymnasia and lyceums (high schools and colleges) and about a dozen in the universities (graduate and professional schools).

As for your other statement, it is just the opposite that is true; not one of these former priests has taught or is teaching any religious subject. Even a very superficial knowledge of the Italian system of public education makes this clear. In the elementary schools religious teaching, made obligatory a few years ago, has from the beginning been under the supervision of ecclesiastical authorities, and therefore the six hundred former priests teaching in these schools have nothing whatever to do with it.

In the gymnasia and lyceums there was no religious teaching at all; it will be introduced now; the more than three hundred former priests teaching in these schools taught other subjects, mostly the classics, modern languages, political history or the sciences. As for the university professors, there are in Italy only two chairs which might be considered as of religious subjects: the chair of Church History at the University of Naples, held by a layman, and the chair of the History of Christianity at the University of Rome, held by Professor Ernesto Buonaiuti. This scholar, however, by the express will of the Fascist government, has not taught for the last four years (i.e., since the beginning of the negotiations between the Vatican and the government); so that during this period this chair has been practically vacant. Several chairs of the history of religions in general, which exist in a few Italian universities, are held by laymen, or in one or two cases by priests in regular standing with the Church.

But the most misleading statement of your editorial is that which labels as "modernistic clergy" this group of former priests. By far the largest number of them left the Church only after the war, having served either in the sanitary corps, or as officers in the army for four years in the trenches. Their new experience had convinced them that they were not in their right place in the ranks of the clergy, and they preferred to get out and live decent lives as laymen rather than lie to their consciences and to the Church and be objects of scandal and corruption under cover, as many other hypocrites choose to do. For most of these former priests the general Italian public and many of their former colleagues have a great respect. As for the "modernists," such as Professor Buonaiuti and others teaching either in Italy or elsewhere, they, though excommunicated by the Church for their views and their scholarly activities, still consider themselves members both of the Church and of the ecclesiastical profession. Their claim has always been that of belonging to the spiritual body of the Church, from which no excommunication can separate them. Professor Buonaiuti wore his cassock until, in accordance with Article 29, i, of the concordat, he was forced by the civil authorities to discard it.

Professor La Piana's remark that the elimination of the former priests from the public schools would be a great blow to the educational standing and progress in Italy was based on the figures quoted above and on the knowledge that most of the former priests teaching in the lyceums (colleges) and universities are among the best Italian scholars, who could not be easily replaced by equally competent men. That such was the situation was clearly confirmed which, in spite of the article of the treaty and of the explicit wishes of the Vatican, decided, as Mussolini himself stated in his address to the Parliament, that "the article of the treaty has no retroactive value" and that the former priests teaching in the Italian public schools "shall remain where they are."

As an Italian layman and professor at the University of Rome, I think that the readers of The Commonweal are entitled to know the truth about these facts, and I am sure that, as you are loyal to your public, you will publish this letter.

AMBROGIO DONINI.

MEXICAN LABORERS IN THE UNITED STATES

Madison, Wis.

TO the Editor:—Since you are interested in the Mexican problem in the United States, perhaps you would like to hear something about the conditions in which these unfortunate people live in one of the larger towns of central Kansas. As a teacher of Spanish in the schools there, my sympathy was enlisted primarily in order to teach catechism at a small mission church ministered to by one of the Augustinian Fathers at Topeka; later I volunteered my services in helping to start a Red Cross clinic for Mexican mothers and babies. This latter work brought me in touch with the families in their homes and opened my eyes to the sorrows and tragedies of many a household.

In the first place, the greater number of men, fathers of families, are almost wholly dependent for work and wages on the precarious employment offered to them by the various railroads, work along the tracks, which varies in amount according to the weather and the season; and they are, perforce, accustomed to being laid off for long periods of time. Then, practically the only other source of income for the Mexican

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in this town is a large poultry warehouse, where, again, seasonal employment is offered to men, women and young girls. Since their families are usually large, and living conditions bad, there is more sickness than there should be, and the bit of money put by for a rainy day is quickly used up.

Working under such a system of weeks of work, followed by months, perhaps, of enforced idleness, the laboring man in free America is not nearly as well off as the old southern slave, because the latter had at least a lodging gratis; while this modern tenant, poorest of the poor, must continue to pay for his share of some tumbledown shack or crazy, dilapidated house in the Mexican district. I say share advisedly, for rare indeed is the family which has a house of its own; often three and four families rent parts of the same miserable hovel. I knew one self-respecting widow who, with her five children, aged six to twenty, ate, slept and spent most of her waking hours in one room devoid, of course, of any of the modern conveniences. She took in washings which she did out of doors on sunny days, to eke out the slender sums made by picking chickens. There were two other families in this house, and they did not think it crowded.

Another household thought themselves fortunate in having for their dwelling-place, close by the tracks where the trains were switching all day long, an old box-car. Its wheels had been removed, a couple of partitions put in, the walls covered with paper to keep out the whistling Kansas winds, and in this wretched place lived no less than eight persons. The mother was dying a slow and painful death from cancer, and she lay all day on an old bedstead, wrapped in bits of blankets and shawls, skeleton-like, her face brown and withered as that of a centenarian. The only daughter, an eleven-year-old, was growing up an illiterate, unable to read either Spanish or English, because she had to be both nurse and housekeeper. To me she seemed a striking example of the underprivileged child.

A third family of my acquaintance lived in a tiny house made entirely of old piano boxes, neatly painted and fenced in with chicken wire. The mother in spite of her household duties and the care of her ten children, found time to have a small garden of bright geraniums in the narrow dirt yard, not more than twenty feet from the tracks.

I could go on multiplying instances of this kind for some time, but to what end? A word to the wise is or should be sufficient; it is time that Americans and especially American Catholics, began to realize the problem that is before them in the presence of these large colonies of Mexicans in the West and Southwest. For the most part they are good, courteous, affable, hard-working souls, deeply religious, easily led and amenable to reason. That they are backward educationally is hardly their own fault; how many of the self-styled Nordic races would excel in the learned professions if they were snatched from school as they finished the sixth grade, and made to work at heavy manual labor ten hours a day? In the second generation of Mexican immigrants there is a decided intellectual promise, but the difficulty now is to enable these ambitious boys and girls to stay in school through the high school period. Legislation alone is futile; the parents must be given steady work at steady wages.

As aliens speaking a foreign language, the Mexicans are already suffering from an inferiority complex, and in some states are considered lower, racially, than Negroes. It is time that American Catholics showed Christian fraternalism to these unfortunate exiles who are in need of much help—social, educational and religious.

MARY ISABEL WINSLOW.

WHY?

Mankato, Minn.

TO the Editor:—"Why are Catholic leaders so truculent, seemingly, toward the Eighteenth Amendment and the crusade it ushers in?" Mr. Short in a recent number of The Commonweal propounds this question, and at the same time offers a number of possible solutions, none of which he accepts but which are useful in narrowing the field. The Commonweal with characteristic chivalry leaps into the breach with an explanation—very sportsmanlike but not very convincing. This is no discredit to the knight errant of the Catholic press, for the question is one that does not lend itself to a direct answer, being on a par with that classic, "Have you stopped beating your wife yet?" There is too much conceded in the first premises.

However the stimulating letter of Mr. Short raises another "why." Why have the leaders in Catholic temperance work laid down their arms? Is the battle won? Do they really believe in their hearts that the Eighteenth Amendment will successfully accomplish what they have struggled for so long? Else why have they discarded the methods that brought an older generation some measure of success? Have they lost faith in the plan of individual sobriety into which school Father Mathew gathered his millions? Do they believe the work of such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland was fruitless, or do they consider such an organization as the C. T. A. a delusion? Was it a useless effort when the priest taught his First Communion class to avoid the taste of alcohol until they were confirmed, and the bishop at confirmation gave them the pledge until they were twenty-one? What is offered in place of the old plan of individual sobriety carried on through parish work? We surely do not think that opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment is advancing the cause of temperance, yet this is where a great many of our people find themselves. There is no doubt that the protagonists of prohibition have a tremendous advantage in the fact that they have a positive plan. It ill becomes the members of the Church which alone lays claim to positive teaching, to offer merely a negation on a great moral question.

Again the eternal why. Why do we not continue the simple Catholic practice of individual sobriety through parish organizations? Better an 1890 model than no car at all.

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER.

AS TO INTERNATIONALISM

Allston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Nothing transpiring to date at the Hague Conference indicates a superiority of statesmen over experts in the field of finance; it may be doubted, therefore, whether any such superiority exists in other fields—for instance, naval disarmament and its related subject of parity, of which latter we are informed that an agreement on the principle has been reached.

Whether the "principle of parity" means equality in ships and guns, speed and power, or something else, and what, we are not told.

As to reparations, it is at least questionable whether our government did this country a genuine service when it excluded from the reparations conferences the subject of debts due to us. Such exclusion did nothing to strengthen belief in our reasonableness, while it deprived us of a valuable talking point in the contrast to be drawn between our renunciations at the Versailles peace table and the quite general scramble by the other nations for the spoils of war.

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Meanwhile, evidence accumulates that the European powers are approaching the parting of the ways. The entente is tottering and a new balance of power threatens. As usual, our American press knows little or nothing about it, or else a strange inhibition renders it dumb—as it did recently in the case of Mexico.

On another subject, however, a portion of our press is quite vocal, viz., internationalism. Whether they mean the Soviet, as the pink professors believe, or the empire, as some of the little nations fear, or merely a gentlemen's agreement to tie up a conference before it is held, as has been suggested—these various view-points are not made clear. Clarity is as scarce as charity in high politics. But however they differ about internationalism, they are all agreed that "nationalism" is a sin against political modernism.

Is it not an affront to the memory of the dead who died in war thus to make an offense of their sacrifice for love of country? The failure of "modern thought" to distinguish between a good and the abuse of that good deceives some unwary people.

Who gives us guarantee that though evil passions prevail at home, they will subside abroad? Always the contending forces of good and evil are at work, the latter unfortunately being the better organized and always on the job. "Birds of a feather flock together," and the dove of peace will fare badly where the vultures are gathered together.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

THE LAST TROUBADOUR

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Will you accept a little tribute of appreciation of your publication of The Last Troubadour? Thérèse Lavauden's article is a poem in itself. She has felt the spell of "La Belle Provencia Gallica," she has inhaled the sweet scent of its lavender, cut likeness to the gay "cigale" droning among its golden lilies—or she could not have caught the spirit of its "Félibrege" as she did.

In 1912 the writer was privileged to spend many precious hours at Maillane with Mistral listening to his own rhapsodies of his native land, which no inducement was ever great enough to make him desert even for a visit!

I can never forget wandering through the narrow streets of Maillane with the poet—entering the church where he now reposes and seeing his "mausoleum," a replica of the pavillion of La Reine Jeanne at Les Baux where that famous queen bestowed her gifts to winners in the first lists of the troubadours. The great patriot-poet, like many another idealist who has never crossed the Atlantic, was an enthusiast on the subject of the United States of America. A bust of Theodore Roosevelt, who had been his guest, adorned the mantlepiece in his study.

He was ever amused and I fancy rather pleased, to be reminded of his resemblance to our crass Buffalo Bill!

His erect figure, flowing locks and clear-cut features recalled pictures of the great American scout. Two years prior to my visit a "Colonel Cody"—no relative of the great "Bill," however—(an aviator, by the way)—in visiting the "Musée Arlatan" at Arles, met the poet there with his dog, became so infatuated with M. Mistral that the Colonel gave it to him. Ever afterward up to the time of his death, I am told, the dog was his inseparable companion.

If La Miougrano-entre-duberto can be found in translation, I should be gratified to know where.

ISABEL GARRISON.

WHAT SHALL THE FAITHFUL SING?

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—It is very easy to make a case for the hymns which appeal to devotional spirit rather than to artistic taste, and humility often runs away with itself acknowledging possession of the spirit and denying possession of the other. A recent letter to The Commonweal makes the usual case for the old familiar hymns that please the majority, and it does so in the usual obvious and sentimental manner.

But after all, the hymns to be sung at Mass, the kind, the time, permission or denial of permission to sing them are part of a liturgical problem, and such problems are treated and decided by the liturgical authority of the Church. "O Lord, I am not worthy" may be a perfectly sweet hymn and it may please many souls, but these are not adequate reasons for its being sung at Mass. Mass is not a prayer meeting primarily, nor a hymn-singing occasion; it is the official act of the Church worship. One doesn't have to have a delicate aesthetic digestion to deprecate irrelevant hymn singing at Mass. One needs only to have an understanding of the fact that the liturgical laws of the Church govern the matter. These are founded on objective appropriateness and not directly on the wishes of the insensitive majority or the sensitive minority.

As for the hymn, "O Lord, I am not worthy," I do not think it needs defenders; it is often sung irrelevantly; it is frequently sung too much; organists do strange things with it in their improvisations. The quarrel is not with the letter writer for her defense of the hymn, but for her manner of defense. Let us sing "ad mentum ecclesiae," guided by Church authority and not by the desires of the insensitive majority.

REV. IGNATIUS KELLY.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the August 21 issue of The Commonweal you comment editorially upon Governor Green's veto of the bill passed by the Michigan legislature to restore capital punishment, pointing out the regressive character of the legislation with reference to the management of the crime problem. You rightly question the wisdom of a policy of severity in dealing with criminals, and your statements that "detachment and not passion" should be the mood governing their treatment, and that "only through study, and never through vengeance, can we decrease their danger to society" express admirably what is considered by modern students of the problem as the enlightened point of view. But are they to be interpreted also as favoring the abolition of capital punishment for capital crimes in all cases, and the substitution of other penalties?

As I understand it, Catholic thought on the subject has been on the whole in sympathy with the principle of capital punishment, and I have not been impressed by the arguments against it by modern propagandists for abolition. Is The Commonweal deviating from the traditional position on this question, or have I misread your comment?

PAUL O. KOMORA,
Educational Assistant,
The National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views of all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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POEMS

Finis

Though on each idle dwelling
There swings a sign,
Such rental and such selling
Is none of mine
No roof forever leaking
Of timbers made,
The house that I am seeking
Is with a spade
Hollowed; of clay its rafter,
Its roof of clay,
There is no sound of laughter,
No light of day;
No foot of any mortal
Can cross its sill;
Hushed is its earthen portal
And hushed and still
That chamber roofed with grasses
Where I shall lie
Heedless what season passes
Beneath what sky.
There may I cease from labor
Nor pause to hear
The busy mole, my neighbor,
Toiling near.
For such a house I'd squander
All my store
And never need to wander
Any more.

JEAN BATCHELOR.

Rural Etching

Faint blossoms that fade and fall
Are the fading tattered clouds,
And bitter is the wind on the river.
The night waits an entrance cue
Nervous as a young actor,
And the thin stars tell each other stories
Awaiting the play with eyes glistening.
But the older stars stand by, unmoved.

Until the fields have begun spinning purple,
Until the tall corn has stopped its wagging,
Until the valley is quiet to a flower fall,
Until the lamps are lit in the tiny farmhouses
And the boys have brought in the cows,
The sunset lingers.

CHARLES A. WAGNER.

Planet

This midsea rock set in water as the spinning earth in air,
This planet of the constellated tropical islands where
Each looks across blue ocean as the stars across blue ether,
This rock is our world and we its slaves and lords together.
And history dwindles to a point in time as earth to this point in space,
And one moment captures them both and it is the moment that we face.

MUNA LEE.

Candles

The gravest courtesy of light,
To all sweet loneliness a friend:
Upon the scholar's book at night
Thy beam his brooding blend.

Nothing except thy rays may shine
To gild the missal's page at dawn,
As Mass is chanted line by line
Ere night be quite withdrawn.

When the font gives eternal life
Thy light rests on the infant's head;
Thy wick burns as the happy wife
Comes from her childing bed.

And when I vanish out of mind,
Candles around me as I lie
Deaf even to the dirge, and blind
To all except the sky,

May I fix eyes on Him who stands
Among the candlesticks aflame,
The seven stars within His hands,
And on His lips my name.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Farewell to Youth

Once I was fleet of foot,
Wild as the waterfall,
Fleet as bird song,
Flower-free.

O the slim sweet strength of youth;
O the lithe straight bodies;
O the clean fire burning in ivory towers!

Now a bird skims silently
Over a mirror of dead water;
The eery whistle sounding
Comes not from the bird I see.

O the dream-long days of youth;
O the wing-swift flight of youth;
O the great, swift-flying days.

MAUD E. USCHOLD.

Destroyed

Destroyed by dreams; they have him now;
As fangèd sharks seize on the swimmer
And thrust below where light wanes dimmer;
In that enormous undertow,
They have him now.

He cannot rise; he sees the water
Locked far above him everywhere,
And in the green and massive air
The subtle dreams begin their slaughter;
In that mad water.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

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BOOKS

The Clever Hymenoptera

Instinct and Intelligence, by R. W. G. Hingston. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS book with the serious title is as fascinating as any novel—full of thrilling incidents and laughter and alluring vistas of thought. It gives the results of a seventeen years' study of insects carried on by Major Hingston in the oriental jungles, fortified by the findings of other recent scientists. And these results are quite staggering in their numerous implications.

The book begins interestingly, but conventionally enough, with instances of the perfection of instinct in normal circumstances—meaning by instinct any racial habit that is independent of individual experience. So we learn of butterflies that lay their eggs only on special plants suitable for the food of their young; of wasps that paralyze their prey so that their larvae may enjoy fresh meat (first reported by Fabre and since then frequently denied but now abundantly proved by Major Hingston's observations); of ants that build subterranean gardens where they raise mushrooms; and of many other examples of apparent foresight. And we read of Homeric conflicts between wasp and tarantula, solifugid and scorpion, wherein the victors seem to have unerring knowledge of the danger points—the tarantula's jaws, the scorpion's tail. But the foresight and knowledge, if they should be called such, are racial, not individual; the solifugid meeting its first scorpion is as wary of the creature's sting as is any veteran of a hundred fights.

Major Hingston gives many examples of the inflexibility and what he calls the folly instinct. He tells of armies of emigrating locusts marching placidly into the Euphrates; of butterflies trying to scale the Himalayas; of beetles accustomed to dig only up and down escaping easily from a vertical glass tube, but when the same tube is placed horizontally, dying there rather than make a lateral experiment; of ants that building by chance on the side of a wall still carry the débris of their nests far away instead of simply letting it drop; of spiders that can be deceived into mistaking a tuning-fork for a buzzing fly.

Thus far but no farther Major Hingston supports the customary view. From this point on he develops the main thesis of his work, namely, that certain insects show not only instinct but intelligence, meaning by the latter the ability to learn from individual experience, the ability to adapt themselves to new circumstances. He cites literally hundreds of cases to prove his contention. Space is lacking to do more than mention some of the most striking. The first two I shall give in Major Hingston's own words:

"I cut a grasshopper into three bits. The first bit is one-fifth of an inch long. The second bit is twice the bulk of the first. The third bit is twice the bulk of the second. I give the three bits to three separate ants at different places on the same tree. All three ants hasten to the nest. Each sends a party to its own bit. . . . There are twenty-eight at the smallest fragment, forty-four at the intermediate one, and eighty-nine at the largest piece. These numbers are roughly double of one another, that is they stand in the same proportion as do the bulk of the bits."

"*Myrmecocystus setipes* . . . had made a nest on the side of a bank. The ejected earth ran down from it in a shoot, like a landslip on the face of a hill. The shoot was very steep and crumbling, and as each ant carried out its load, it slipped on the loose material and tumbled down to the bottom slope. . . . After some days of slipping and falling . . . one particular ant . . . set about collecting pebbles which it found near the foot of the shoot. . . . These pebbles it carried up the shoot and spread them out in the form of a platform at the very top of the shoot, that is just outside the mouth of the nest. . . . The ant never took the first pebble that offered. Several were examined, picked up and tested, until one was met with that fitted the job. Moreover it did not place its pebbles haphazard; it carefully found a suitable spot for the fitting of each load. The final result was a platform of pebbles on which the excavators walked easily, and no more of them fell down the slope."

Similar is the instance of the wasp which in building its wall carefully selects pebbles of the right size and shape, or which, if it brings back prey too large to go into its nest, measures the prey with its eye and then enlarges the opening to a suitable width. There are, too, the ants that have been known to bring sand and bits of wood to make a patch across fly-paper; those that, in order to cross a dangerous tramway, after losing many lives, tunneled underneath; those that, to escape from an island where they were marooned, made themselves into a hanging ladder from a projecting bough. There are the cattle-tending ants that herd their tiny beasts according to the best cowboy traditions; road-making ants that build state highways, unembarrassed by political corruption; warrior ants that make treaties with hostile tribes and abide by them. The ant, in fact, in Major Hingston's book, resumes his biblical position of importance. He is the central hero of this story, followed, but only at a distance, by the wasp and other members of the *Hymenoptera*.

For the intelligence of insects as a whole Major Hingston has no great respect. And even in the best of them (such as the *Hymenoptera*) he sees intelligence not as the rule but as the exception. Is he wrong in even this moderate but revolutionary claim? Possibly. But there are his facts. Make something else of them if you can.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

A Source of Enlightenment

The Spirit of Catholicism, by Karl Adam; translated by Dom Justin McCann, O. S. B. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

NO DOUBT it would be an excess of optimism to expect that, if the Catholic Church were known for what it really is, antagonism to it would straightway come to an end. Opposition is not always predicated on misunderstanding. But it is matter of common knowledge that there are many people, otherwise fair-minded and free from preconceptions, who have been brought up to regard the Church as something to be suspected and even feared. For them a better understanding of the real nature of the Church would almost surely lead to a new attitude toward Catholicism. Not so long ago the way to such a better understanding was not so easy for them to find; for it was perhaps too much to expect that they would patronize the book lists of Catholic publishers. But now that the Macmillan Company has added this work of Karl Adam to its growing list of Catholic books, we can begin to feel that for seekers after accurate information about the Catholic Church, what she is and what she teaches, the opportunity to be enlightened at least exists.

The Spirit of Catholicism grew out of a series of lectures

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delivered in the summer term of 1923 at the University of Tübigen where the lecturer is professor of dogmatic theology in the Catholic faculty. Intended therefore for an audience of mixed religious belief, it is an apologetic of the Church without being at all controversial. It is always constructive, not eristic.

The dominant idea of the book is the intimate union of the Church with Christ. It is Christ that the Church is ever preaching; it is through Him that she offers her prayers and worship to God; and it is Christ that she labors to form in her children. In the teaching of the Church it is Christ Who speaks; hence the authoritative tone of her teaching, which would be so unwarranted in a merely human teacher, and the reverent obedience of the faithful, which to outsiders so often seems a surrender of the rights of human reason. It is, too, through this intimate union with Christ that the work of sanctification which the Church administers through the sacraments is no other than the operation of the redeeming power of Christ. Such is the Catholic understanding of the efficacy of the sacraments, and in the face of it how singularly inept must seem all the learned pretense of the science of comparative religion in its attempts to trace the origin of the sacraments to primitive magic rites!

Once this idea of the solidarity of the Church with Christ is grasped, the claims of the Church, which otherwise must seem astounding, follow with overwhelming logic. The Church is one in body and spirit; it is the infallible fount of the truths of salvation; it is the one and only appointed way to salvation and the sole ordained source of sanctification for men. The Church is all this, because this is Christ, and, as the Body of Christ, the Church is one with Him. To one outside, the Church's intolerance of error and division seems narrow, and her claim to be the one and only appointed way of salvation to men appears not a little arrogant. Yet how could the Church claim less and still believe in her solidarity with Christ? If Christ is the Way and the Truth and the Life, His Church can be no less.

Such, in rather rough outline, is the argument which the reader will find developed with much skill and clearness in The Spirit of Catholicism. The non-Catholic may be disinclined to admit the intimate union of Christ and the Church, or, even admitting this, to grant that the Catholic Church has any exclusive right to assert this intimacy for herself. Yet if he follows the argument at all, he can hardly fail to think better of the Church. He will see what at her own valuation the Catholic Church is, and he will have gained respect for the Church even though he does not see his way to giving her his allegiance.

For the Catholic reader there ought to be a special appeal in the final chapter which treats of Catholicism in Its Actuality. The Church as it is on earth, for all its inner fulness of divinity, still wears the outward seeming of human infirmity, just as Christ Himself did in His earthly life. But this is the Church which we love and honor as our mother.

"The Catholic does not desire some ideal Church, a Church of the philosopher or the poet. Though his mother be travel-stained with long journeying, though her step be sometimes halting and weary, and though her countenance be furrowed with care and trouble—yet she is his mother. In her heart burns the ancient love. Out of her eyes shines the ancient faith. From her hands flow ever the ancient blessings. What would heaven be without God? What would the earth be without this Church?"

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

Fear and Elation

Days of Fear, by Frank Gallagher. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

For Daws to Peck At, by Monk Gibbon. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $2.00.

DAYS OF FEAR is one of those books about which literary criticism is rather pointless. The writer is telling us of experiences as terrible as imprisonment, hunger and the facing of death, and he is telling of them as one who has endured them—he is telling us of them as he endured them from hour to hour and from day to day. About the relation of experiences so unique and desperate, literary criticism has little to say.

And yet the literary critic must note that Frank Gallagher is a writer: only a real writer could be so selective and could have so well managed the drama of exaltation, agony and despair that fills these days of fear. On Easter Monday of 1920, the Irish revolutionaries in prison decide to take no food until they are treated as prisoners of war by the authorities. Later on, when the authorities, cowed by their determination to die rather than recede from their demand, agree to give them the treatment of prisoners of war, the spokesman for the prisoners declares that the strike will go on until they are released unconditionally. In the end the prisoners win. Their victory was, perhaps, a decisive event in the Irish revolution. And for this reason, Days of Fear has spiritual significance. It shows us men unarmed and in the hands of their adversaries winning a great victory simply through faith in the justice of their cause. The exaltations, the doubts, the agonies and the despairs of this nine days' confrontation of death are transcribed in Days of Fear, and transcribed with an immediacy that puts the cell and the prison-yard around us.

That Frank Gallagher and his comrades were men of superlative courage and resolution goes without saying. The document shows that they were men single-minded and untinged with doubt to an extraordinary degree. Had the writer doubted for any long time—there are moments when he does doubt them—the possibility of justice in the world, or the sacredness of Irish nationality, he could never have begun to make this desperate protest. But he and his comrades had a religious faith that was one with their national faith; agnosticism, the love of the world, was not in them. Gallagher can write:

"I know some who will convince themselves from our worn bodies, by the wistfulness in our faces when we are dead, that no God exists. . . . They will not see that we are not the denial but the proof of God. . . . The strength we have is from Him. . . . If there were no Spirit of Justice, how could it seek out our souls in this darkness and fight with them the injustice of man? . . . For the souls of men are the weapons of God."

The governor of the prison, bringing them with great personal relief the news that the condition they had first made has been accepted by the authorities, and that they are to be treated as prisoners of war, is rebuffed by the spokesman for the prisoners. Even with these renewed agonies before him, Frank Gallagher is able to make us feel sympathy with the governor in his defeat:

"'But . . .' said the governor again, vacantly. Phillip, weakened by the intensity with which he had spoken, swayed a little and clutched at the wall, breathing whistlingly through his nose, his lips tight-pressed, his eyes big and bright against the drawn skin. . . . He faced him . . . type of all revolution facing the weazened well-mannered governor, lately a police officer among some of the colored peoples whom Britain oppresses . . . this governor who regarded all outside his class

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as 'natives'—type of all imperialism. There was a pause . . . then words came again . . . 'They will never grant this. But I'll tell them what you say. It is very awkward . . . I thought prisoner-of-war treatment was what you wanted.' "

There can be no doubt that Monk Gibbon and Frank Gallagher are of the same nationality and belong to the same generation, albeit one served in the forces of the country that the other resisted to the very verge of death. The open outlook that is in the prose record and the book of verse, the power of detachment, belong to young Irishmen of today. For Daws to Peck At is a small book, but when we have read it we feel that it is a full book. It is not that Monk Gibbon is an abundant or an accomplished poet—he has really a narrow range, and his artistry often shows itself as uncertain; we get a feeling of fulness because this poet is able to write of things that content us—fields, trees, houses, simple people with simple tasks before or behind them. Fortunate enough to have objective interests—and this is rare in a poet nowadays—Monk Gibbon can treat his subjects in a steady, serious way that reminds one of the workmanship of a Dutch picture. He is a young poet who has not yet found himself, and in his present volume there is much that does not represent him at his really dis tinctive achievement

There are many pieces in his book that other poets could do better in than he does—verses with philosophical twists, verses with ironic intents. But I know no poet of today who can give us as he can a sense of a still but pulsing life. He has been compared to W. H. Davies. This comparison is not exact. For while Davies writes of fields and sparrows with vivid attachment, this younger poet can make what he writes about something separate from himself. He is one of the Irish poets in whom the Anglo-Irish rather than the Gaelic strain is predominant—indeed there is nothing with the Gaelic note or in the Gaelic mode in For Daws to Peck At. There are poems about Ireland in the collection: they are Irish, but they are not Gaelic: they might have been written from some rectory with a family that did not keep aloof from the people.

This young poet has a good many things that favor his achievement. He has a world of his own. So far as one can see from For Daws to Peck At, it is not a wide world. But to have a world at all is a poet's first and principal endowment.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Arbitration's New Place

The Life of Lord Pauncefote, by R. B. Mowatt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

The Problem of Peace: Third Series of Lectures. London: Oxford University Press for Geneva Institute of International Relations. $3.50.

"HE PINNED his faith to international arbitration and took peace to be the only object of his life." So writes Mr. Mowatt in his interesting Life of Lord Pauncefote. So far as a close reading of the facts therein presented are concerned, this quotation may be taken as a singularly accurate description of the work of Lord Pauncefote as an official of the British Foreign Office in London—as also of his long tenure of the British embassy in Washington. His natural urbanity of manner, his policy of hurrying slowly, his imperturbability under trying conditions, made for him many friends, and created within the minds of officials in London a sense of confidence which passing years served only to strengthen.

But it was his growing faith in arbitration which marked him out as a leader in thought in advance of his own age. Though arbitration is now a subject of persistent discussion and continual newspaper comment, it was not so popular thirty years ago and did not prove itself as a policy of delay and caution of much value prior to 1914. Those who will read the Third Series of Lectures delivered on behalf of the Geneva Institute of International Relations, dealing with the various activities of the League of Nations and its suggested policies, will be enabled to make a comparative study of the change of mind and view-point of the public on peace and arbitration, which has taken place in these post-war days.

Among these addresses that of Dr. Manley O. Hudson is from several aspects pleasing. It should have been given a wide circulation in a cheaper pamphlet form, so that American readers might appreciate the attempt he makes to view American aims and policies from an international angle.

Of the remaining eleven addresses, while they are interesting, as regards subject and title, only one of them calls for particular comment. It is the speech by Lord Olivier on Asia and the League. From the first paragraph of his address he apparently admits by implication that he has not visited the continent of which he speaks, and later he announces, "Moreover I am not an Asiatic." Surely the day has come when the League of Nations, is particular, and the world in general, might be treated as regards public questions to speeches or addresses by persons who know their subject-matter by personal acquaintance; who have learned the views and feelings of Asiatics, not as tourists, but from extended periods of residence. It is no longer a debatable point that the world is tired of the twilight of fiction in international affairs. Democracy everywhere demands that policy shall be founded on knowledge and facts collected on the spot with the assistance of the citizens of each area. The world and the League of Nations require men of the type of the late Lord Pauncefote, to whom knowledge gained from personal contact was more valuable and reliable than the most glowing fantasies of theory.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Dr. Munthe Scores

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

TO ONE who reads more current literature than is good for the digestion—lives of great men based upon a hitherto unpublished laundry list, novels about the girl who couldn't be content with cotton stockings, one-volume lozenges of universal knowledge—the sudden discovery of the Story of San Michele comes much as would a midsummer bonus to a girl selling candy for Mr. Woolworth. The book is incredibly good. Literary criticism has always had a sneaking suspicion that most great writing is autobiographical—epistles of Horace, Dante, Amiel, Goethe, Hebbel and the rest. Unfortunately the authors have too frequently been mere idle analysts of their sensations, hothouse plants with nothing in the world to do except drink in the weather and bloom. Dr. Munthe, thank heaven, is a doctor. I confess to having taken little delight in his earlier books. There was one about cholera in Naples, there was another (very excited and prejudiced) about experience in the great war. But here is, in my opinion, one of the most fascinating records of a medical career ever written.

Of course it is, to a considerable extent, non-medicinal. This Swedish vagrant through southern Europe can give you excellent reminiscence about Pasteur, Charcot and other celebrities of his youth. He pays as handsome a tribute to the French nursing sisters as those admirable women have ever received. With deft irony he comments upon the fashionable illness of

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marquises, and with a sympathy incorporating the Scandinavian "kindness to all that lives" he tells how the poor suffer and give thanks for death. But Dr. Munthe is forever skipping off on some adventure which relates to sheer living. Here the most important incident is the building of San Michele, a house on a site once occupied by the Emperor Tiberius on the island of Capri. There is a picture of a Capri girl in the Metropolitan which haunted me constantly as I read these pages in which the ancient charm of an isle now abandoned to tourists and questionable characters seems as evident as the perfume of blossoms in a spring garden. And then again the doom of Capri—the swift fate attendant upon all things—makes you regret a tendency to wax as sentimental as everybody used to in the days before the "new magazines."

The writing is quaintly imperfect. It has the curious redolence of a language never wholly learned and yet absolutely flexible. It can be satisfyingly humorous. For narrative purposes—and there are some entrancing stories, though I am not absolutely sure all of them should be believed—it is admirable. Try it, for instance, in chapter x, which relates the extraordinary fate of a Russian general who was buried in the wrong place. But you are likely to enjoy it most in those sections, alternately soft and pitiless, tender and sardonic, which deal with one man's love for Italy. And if you are a creature without illusions or the poetry of sentiment, you will forgive this eminently Scandinavian gentleman his fondness for dreams and melancholy contemplation, because these are always expressed with a generous accent. To me this book is a treasure as much for its way of saying things as for what it says.

Here is, let me add, Franciscan writing. Possibly its outlook is too vague; and if one is accustomed to the firm contour of a doctrinal faith, this, that and the other thing will seem slightly out of focus. Viewed as a whole, however, Dr. Munthe has written a gospel of charity which cuts through current literary Real-Politik as a holiday breaks into the monotony of workaday life. I heartily and sincerely wish the book Godspeed; and for those who fail to enjoy it I shall pray in sorrow. It is, if I may be forgiven, crème de Munthe.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Another Secondary Language

An International Language, by Otto Jespersen. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

DR. JESPERSEN, the distinguished Danish philologist, calls his book "a plea for an artificial international auxiliary language." It is not a substitute for one's native tongue. "No one in his sober senses would think it possible to make all nations forget their own languages and agree on one single substitute for all purposes." But a great many persons think it quite worth while to try to make it possible for educated Americans, Frenchmen, Bulgarians and others to communicate freely when necessary.

Jespersen points out that, in addition to its use in traveling, an international language could well be employed in all official documents relating to more than one country, and would be of inestimable value in commercial correspondence and in all international political, commercial, scientific or social congresses. Incidentally, he suggests, that at the Peace Conference Clemenceau "gained an undue ascendancy" because he was the only one of the leaders who had a complete command of both English and French. In the impetus given to nationalism by the war, and the consequent cultivation of numerous little known languages, the author sees conditions growing

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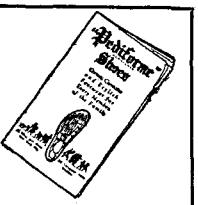

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worse and the need for a common auxiliary language becoming ever still more imperative.

Jespersen does not discuss the theorists—Descartes, Comenius, Leibnitz and the rest—but gives his attention to the practical attempts made in the nineteenth century. About twenty pages are devoted to the history of the movement. Jespersen refers with admiration to Pirro, whose very little known book appeared in 1868. The first important attempt to propagate a universal language came, however, in 1880 when Schleyer brought out his Volapük. In a few years he had hundreds of thousands of adherents, great congresses were held, and books and periodicals were published in the new language in various parts of the world. In 1887 the Polish oculist Zamenhof produced his Esperanto, an undoubted improvement on Volapük but far from perfect. Then came in 1902 Idiom Neutral, invention of Rosenberger of St. Petersburg and others, followed in 1906 by Molenaer's Universal. In 1907 Ido was started by the French Esperantist, Louis de Beaufront, and developed by Couturat and others. In opposition to Ido another Frenchman produced half a dozen "languages" in succession. Finally in 1922 Occidental (based on the Occidental languages, especially those of Latin origin) was brought forth by E. de Wahl. To a quite different class belongs the Latino sine flexione started in 1903 by the mathematician, Peano.

Dr. Jespersen offers a brand new language of his own invention: Novial ("nov" meaning new and "ial" standing for "international auxiliary language"). To the exposition of this "first interlanguage ever framed by a professional philologist" the author devotes more than a hundred pages of his little book. In a lucid and interesting manner he explains and justifies the grammar and vocabulary of Novial. It can hardly be denied that Novial, as here explained and as exemplified in the fifteen pages of specimens at the end of the volume, shows itself superior to its predecessors. It is comparatively simple and logical and avoids a too great violation of the linguistic prejudices of those accustomed to the main European natural languages. Whether it is worthy to be adopted as the great international medium of communication is doubtful. Its originator himself does not consider it to be perfect in its present state and expresses his readiness to accept suggestions.

Jespersen looks forward hopefully to a day when the new interlanguage not only will make available to all a rich scientific and general literature, but will be taught everywhere as a secondary language.

CHARLES R. D. MILLER.

The Strangers at Our Gate

Immigrant Farmers and their Children, by Edmund de S. Brunner. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.75.

THIS study was made under the direction of the Institute of Social and Religious Research. In the preface we are reminded that the immense volume of literature on immigration has paid hardly any attention to the immigrants that live in rural America, who form about one-quarter of the total number of foreign-born. Concerning the immigrants generally, two important questions have not so far been satisfactorily answered: namely, "Do the immigrants become merged in the native population?" and "Is the general level of intelligence of the newer immigration so inferior as to constitute a danger to American culture?" These questions the present study endeavors to answer for the foreign-born and their children who live on farms. The book is divided into two parts, the

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first containing the results of a general study and the second presenting the facts and conclusions of intensive studies of four distinct villages or settlements.

Both sections of the work are extremely interesting and valuable, but it is impracticable to do more than to call attention to some of the more striking facts and conclusions. About one-fourth of the entire foreign-born population live on farms or in rural territory. About one-fourth of the foreign-born farm operators are Germans, while the Scandinavians are almost as numerous. The Irish are about equal in numbers to each of the following nationalities: Italians, Poles, Dutch, Finns and Swiss. None of these peoples constitutes much over 10 percent of the whole immigrant farm group.

The children of immigrants tend to distribute themselves more widely over the country than their parents, and a smaller proportion of them remain on the farms. Rural America contains proportionately more naturalized citizens than urban America. The foreign-born and their children have shown a greater tendency toward urbanization than the people of native stock. On the other hand, a greater proportion of the immigrant farmers are owners of the land that they till than is the case with native-born farmers, the percentages being respectively 80.9 and 66.4. The average size and the average value of farms operated by the foreign-born, whether as owners or as tenants, is considerably greater than in the case of the native-born. The school attendance record of the native whites of foreign parentage is slightly above that of the children of native parents in the age group seven-thirteen; in the later age groups the record of the children of foreign parents is not as good.

As regards intelligence, "the differences between children of native and foreign stock, while slightly in favor of the former, were so small as to be statistically insignificant. . . ." This statement is based upon the usual I. Q. tests and has as much or as little value as any other generalization erected on this illusory basis. Intermarriage between immigrants and natives and between the native-born children of immigrants and other natives varies considerably in different states and among different nationalities. As might be expected, a greater percentage of the children of immigrants go outside of their own racial groups for partners than do the immigrants themselves. While prejudice against the foreign-born is still frequently found, it is diminishing both intensively and extensively. Differences of religion and of language are the principal sources of such prejudices. The rural Catholic Church is "in the main a strong institution," and generally more efficient and includes a greater proportion of its normal clientèle than the Protestant churches.

One of the four special studies deals with a group of immigrants of more than one nationality; the second study has to do with a colony of Danes; the third, with a colony of Czecho-Slovaks and the fourth with a colony of Poles. The two most important generalizations that are pertinent to all four groups are the greater capacity of the foreigners for hard work than of the natives in the same localities, and the quite unjustified superiority felt by the latter over the former. This assumption of superiority is especially striking and especially ridiculous on the part of the native stock in the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia, with regard to the Czecho-Slovaks. It is shown toward the Protestants as well as toward the Catholics of that group, although in greater degree toward the latter.

This volume is one of the very best practical refutations of the assumptions and pretensions of the Ku Klux Klan and all other "100 percenters."

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Briefer Mention

Our Lady's Office; edited by Charles J. Callan and John S. McHugh. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

THE "Little Office" was, during centuries, familiar to educated lay folk who wished to share the daily life of the Church. But when Latin ceased to be the property of everyone, and when a throng of new devotions had, in a measure, submerged the old central practices of piety, the Book of Hours became almost exclusively the property of religious communities. We hope that the present edition, by Father Callan and Father McHugh, will help to revive a beneficent habit. Both Latin text and English version are given, there is a helpful introduction, and the Office of the Dead is appended. The editors have furnished copious notes, the object of which is less to furnish information than to encourage reflection and mental prayer. Thus the book is valuable in many senses, and may be warmly recommended.

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